

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

A question was asked on Monday in an evening contemporary as to the functions of Sir Oliver Mowat as Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada, and upon enquiry nothing can apparently be found prohibiting him from practicing his profession as a lawyer in the country over which he practically rules as head of the judiciary. Indeed, one eminent Liberal lawyer upon being consulted as to the propriety of Sir Oliver's course in giving out an opinion *re* Sunday car mileage, went so far as to say that the Liberal Government was very fortunate in having a Minister of Justice whose opinion was worth being asked for by anybody. This is quite true, but the Liberal Government is not fortunate in having a Minister of Justice whose opinion can be obtained by anybody for a fee or for some prospective benefit political or financial. Without either of these incentives no one in Ontario imagines that the canny Sir Oliver Mowat would take the time and trouble to go into the question of the extra Sunday street car mileage at the request of Mayor Fleming unless his Sabbatarian prejudices inspired his act. Politically it can make no votes for the Liberal party in Toronto, for there are ten or fifteen thousand voters who are anxious for Sunday cars but who are not anxious to see the Minister of Justice dabbled in so small a pool in order to either popularize or enrich himself.

If in the statutes and the ethics of the Law Society it is perfectly proper for the Minister of Justice to practice his profession as a lawyer, with certain vague and unwritten provisos as to the cases he shall undertake, how is the public to discriminate? If the Minister of Justice has a right to give an opinion he certainly has a right to plead. If he has a right to plead in a civil case he has a right to plead in a criminal case, and the services of so eminent a personage would certainly be in great demand, for if his client is condemned to death, as Minister of Justice he has the prerogative of recommending his pardon or a commutation of his sentence. If a Minister of Justice has a right to give an opinion or to plead in a case which may go to a superior court, he has a right to appear in the Police Court or the Division Court, and the appearance of so important a functionary in so lowly a temple of justice would certainly have a startling effect.

It is impossible for us laymen to know just exactly what the laws are or what fine hair-splitting is done by the Law Society, or how delicately turned are the rules of the Bench. I can without difficulty see that a Minister of Justice might appear for the Crown anywhere, or before the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council on behalf of his client, but that client should be Canada and none other. If a Minister of Justice descends from the dignity of his office to give opinions or counsel to individuals or corporations, we may naturally expect him to undertake extraordinary cases in the Police Court, and it would be an extraordinary and not at all an elevating spectacle to see the chief power over the judiciary pleading before a magistrate.

If the proprieties admit of such a course as Sir Oliver Mowat has pursued, we must not be surprised to see the most important cases in the Dominion conducted before county court judges by the Minister of Justice. As he has the power of promoting judges or of degrading them, his arguments would necessarily be of enormous force. That the man who has the power of recommending judges for promotion should be permitted to plead before the judiciary of this country, or to issue his opinion for a fee or for prospective political advantage, is simply preposterous.

As a matter of politics such a course is inadvisable, for by introducing himself into the petty broils of a neighborhood as counsel for one faction or the other, the Minister of Justice brings the whole business down to a matter of ward politics. The ermine of high state would thus be wrapped about the idols of an alley, and the eloquence of the man who should be esteemed far above the average would be listened to as the voice of an advocate.

The whole affair of Sir Oliver Mowat's opinion favoring Mayor Fleming's contention, without going into its merits, smells very strongly of a party pie. It was an unnecessary and unwise interference with affairs which have nothing to do with the government of Canada. The Laurier Administration will have its hands full enough in administering those matters which properly come before it, and it cannot afford to begin to push Sabbatarianism or to enter into Presbyterian, or Anglican, or Methodist politics, any more than it can risk its existence upon the enactment of a remedial bill for the benefit of the Roman Catholics. Sir Oliver's

opinion practically takes the Sunday car question from the people and puts it into the hands of the City Council, and in his eagerness to show further "Evidences of Christianity" I am afraid the Minister of Justice has gone further than his political colleagues will be inclined to consider good politics.

If the Dominion Government is to pose as the Ontario Government has posed, as the mentor in morals as well as the master of fiscal affairs and the manipulator of the future of the Dominion, we may expect to see it an egregious and almost immediate failure. We have had enough of that sort of political piety in the Ontario Legislature.

What we want in this country is some sort of a Government, no matter what its name may be, which will attend to large things and leave the smaller affairs to be looked after by the smaller legislative bodies constituted to consider such matters. There used to be a saying in the wild and woolly West that a man once made an enormous fortune by minding his own business. Sir Oliver might consider this instance instead of applying himself and his influence to coerce a city which knows its business a great deal better than he does. No amount of apology can excuse so venerable, so eminent and so able a man for intruding his opinion, or permitting it to be intruded,

When Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., was asked for an opinion, nobody doubted what his opinion would be, and surely enough it was in favor of the crowd with which he travels. Mr. Moss was asked to express his sentiments, and he expressed them just exactly as his employers expected. Mr. Fullerton, City Counsel, gave his opinion, and it was thoroughly in favor of his employers. Mr. Osler was asked by the other side to say what he thought, and he thought exactly as the gentlemen who retained him thought. Mr. Christopher Robinson, an eminent counsel, thoroughly cosmopolitan and broad in his views and not inclined to favor a client in the slightest degree, had the wide view of the situation, and he was against Messrs. Blake, Fullerton and Moss. Sir Oliver Mowat was asked, or asked to be asked, and his opinion was thoroughly in accord with that of the Mayor who asked him. The city and the Street Railway Company can go on asking lawyers to give opinions, and they can be quite sure that each opinion will not be far apart from the source of the fee. I would not suggest that the fee would control the opinion; I simply urge that the client selects the lawyer who is most likely to coincide with his own views. Human nature is a simple as well as a complex thing. We ask from those from whom we expect to receive, and we give to those who expect us to give. This is true in law as well as in charity. Our impulses control our judgment.

a padded edition of the former. Rev. Mr. Watson is now an author more than a clergyman, and he is out in this country for money, and if possible to enhance his fame. With his enterprises I have no quarrel, and of his lecture I have no criticism to make, because I have not heard it. Cooke's church, however, is of the strictest order of its sect, puritanical and restrictionist in its methods. What are we to think of a church which pays no taxes to the City of Toronto, or to anybody else, though Christ paid his taxes and gave no paid entertainments charging an entrance fee of this stiff sort, or of any sort, while a professional impresario comes to Toronto with his show and finds an untaxed place for an exhibition? Cooke's church is not exempted from taxation in order to become a lecture hall. The Grand Opera House, Massey Hall and the other places of entertainment in Toronto pay taxes, and yet this irreconcilable faction of an ultra-Sabbatarian party boldly announces its church as a place of merchandise, and it matters little whether the enterprise is a lecture by Ian MacLaren or an auction sale. "Business is business," and this is business. The lecture of Rev. John Watson may be a charming entertainment, and no doubt it is, but it has nothing to do with the saving of souls or the good of the poor or the improper in the neighborhood.

nor an altar for the repentant except upon stated occasions, yet it escapes taxation, and those who attend it feel that, the strict forms of religion having been complied with, they can afford to kick the shins of the passing sinner and cry, "Allah be praised."

The suicide of the young woman in London indicates the misfortunes which come to those who desire to lift the curtain of the future. There are very few of us who could endure the prospect of the woes which come to those who live. We see the evils of the day and we have strength to endure them, but if we saw with certainty the evils of the morrow it would be almost impossible to restrain many of us from self-destruction. Life provides for each period of work and sleep, enough to warn us that the world is a difficult place to live in; but if we saw everything that was in store for us we would make haste to die, for in realizing our troubles we do not take sufficient stock in the happiness, in the beauty of life which may drift in between those things which look so dreadful in the future. We are all eager to have our fortunes told, and yet if we had our fortunes told as the fates will bring things about we would see a long vista of trouble, and if we do not realize that each day will produce its own antidote and that every hour will bring some little release from the imprisonment of misfortunes, despair must surely come. Hope is made up of desire and expectation; despair is expectation without desire, and 'tis a bitter thing.

In the whole dealings of the Almighty with us, nothing seems more obviously wise to us mortals and intended for the happiness of the nations than the practical exclusion from our view of what is to come. Those who predict the future, those who claim to be able to lift the veil of what is to happen, are either frauds or they are in direct antagonism to the One who made the world and the people who are in it. We ourselves know that we could not possibly endure the sight of all that must occur from the cradle to the grave, and He knew it when He created the world. There is always a short road from Here to the Hereafter, and if we knew what would happen to us the majority of us would take a short cut, even with a possibility of greater evils in the other world, but unknown, therefore preferable to an undesired certainty. Just why the world was created or why we should be alive, or why we should suffer or enjoy what is going on, is a conundrum. The concealment of the future was a part of the plan, and we should understand it; and those who repose contentedly in this world saying that He Who Made Will Protect, as if we were His family, will certainly not be trusting too much to Providence.

The Conservatives of the province have had a conversation consisting of a conference, a smoking concert and a sort of a cake walk. This is quite the proper thing. Nothing has been said defining the policy of the party in the future, but oceans of words have been poured out in criticism of those who for the moment sit in the high places of the political synagogue. It would be interesting to know what the Opposition is trying to do. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., is much incensed because Mr. Laurier and his friends are accepting a certain portion of his programme and trying to carry to their logical conclusion propositions which did not seem any too logical at the go-in. It is quite possible, indeed it seems absolutely impossible for it to be otherwise, for a new Government to reverse everything, and almost all the feathers will be stripped from the ex-Government party when it is demonstrated by themselves that the opportunities for new investments and new schemes in Canada are limited, and that the Government which is now defunct had eighteen years in which to exploit everything that was worth attempting.

The reorganization of the party in Ontario has been a mere matter of appointing bosses who must be considered supreme in the various localities over which they have made high mucky-mucks. What they shall preach or what they shall do, or what the party as a whole shall preach or do, has not been stated. The idea is that they shall carry out the behests of the Political Master, and that master is Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. It is an open question whether Imperialism or the rule of the majority shall be supreme on this continent, and the question is wider than our own politics because it extends to the politics of the great nation to the south of us. If Sir Charles has interpreted the tendency of the times he was wise in appointing lieutenants who, caring nothing for what people think but looking only to what people can be made to do, may provide an organization for the capture of the illiterate and the unthoughtful. Those who think for



After the painting by E. Kustner.

## THE STREAM.

upon a community which re-organized itself politically in order to make his position as Minister of Justice a possibility. That they alone did not give him the high office he occupies is not the fault of two of the constituencies of Toronto, but he should not forget that the public opinion of this province, as partially at least formed in Toronto, encouraged the French-Canadians to be as independent and successful as they were.

Bearing all these things in mind, it seems an extraordinary and improper thing for the Minister of Justice to be interfering in our civic politics at the call of a mayor who happens to agree with him politically. If things are to be conducted thus and on so small a scale, how can the Liberal party hope for a continuance of power? If no community is to be safe from the assertion of the opinions of the Minister of Justice, whose fiat for the moment at least would override everything else, how can the Government hope to be popular?

The Liberal party succeeded to power because it opposed the Remedial Bill for the coercion of Manitoba. The Liberal party will fall to the ground the moment it becomes a coercive party, even in such small matters as an opinion delivered by the Minister of Justice practically calculated to coerce a large section of the people of Toronto. We are not anarchists nor those desirous of obtaining profit out of the ruin of those who are engaged in legitimate enterprises, and we can be trusted to behave ourselves on Sunday. Sir Oliver Mowat has made a great mistake in imagining that he can increase his own or his party's prestige by departing from the precedents of previous Ministers of Justice, to add to his *entourage* minor leaders in localities which are quite well able to attend to their own business.

It is curious to notice how all the legal gentlemen who have been invited to give an opinion on the extra Sunday car mileage have realized the expectations of those who engaged them,

ment much more than they ought. But if our impulses did not have a preponderating influence in our lives, we would be so coldly critical that we could scarcely respond to the ordinary salutation of, "Beautiful day, isn't it?" If we get this sort of a salutation we acquiesce in it though it is raining cats and dogs. If a friend says, "You are looking well to-day," we admit we are looking well, though individually we feel that we are on the verge of the grave. It is thus the great impulses of life sweep us along. Few, if any, of us at the moment can resist the tide, though as we go out with it we may argue that we are very great fools for not hanging on to the shore.

It would be wise, before condemning others, to remember this simple feature of life, a feature which is a part of the lives of those who are both high and low. We may be a little bit dubious about facts, but the general impulse of religionists, politicians and the great mass of people is to try to think of their friends. Admitting all this to be true—and it is obviously true—it yet remains a point absolutely imperative upon us all not to try to force our opinions upon other people. When we volunteer ill-digested opinions born of prejudice or intended in the most good-natured way to assist our friends, we are apt to be brought up with a sharp twist and made to account for the faith that is in us. When there is no faith in us the situation becomes embarrassing and there is nothing left to be said except that we did it for a friend, and this is a miserable excuse, particularly when the friend is known or we name him.

Rev. John Watson is announced by the newspapers to lecture next week in Cooke's church. The admission fee is fifty cents, best seats seventy-five cents and a dollar. As the fyles of SATURDAY NIGHT will show, there could scarcely be a more enthusiastic admirer of Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush and Auld Lang Syne than I was when I read those books, though of course I admit that the latter one is

The incident would not be so glaringly inconsistent with everything that has been taught in Cooke's church, were it not that Cooke's church endeavors, if possible, to outclass all other churches of the same denomination in its desire to condemn public entertainments, popular amusements and the general impulses of those who do not seem to them fore-ordained to anything except heat. I am not sorry occasionally to see such palpable evidences of the commercial character of some of these social clubs which claim exemption from taxation on account of their nearness to the Throne. By their own acts of greed and inconsistency, those who violate the laws which the Carpenter of Nazareth gave us will be dethroned from the pedestal which they have without invitation occupied, and as they invite a comparison between the conduct of those who founded the Christian religion and those who are founding it, they will produce a more generous, liberal and really religious sentiment in the community.

Editor Stead was accused of blasphemy when he lectured on "If Christ Came to Chicago," yet could we picture the Adorable and Divine Personage who walked with the fishermen of Galilee, approaching the door of Cooke's church and seeking admission on this gala night? Could we conceive anything less scathing in His remarks than those He made when He found the Temple occupied by trading sharps and dealers in merchandise? He might not scourge the audience which had been admitted by ticket at from fifty cents to a dollar *per capita*, for that would be illegal and would land Him in the cells, but He certainly would not bless the Pharisees, who count themselves so much better than others, who denounce the theaters, the halls and the lecture-rooms, and yet when occasion offers seize the opportunity to make a little money for themselves. Cooke's church is closed except when there are services by the pastor or prayer-meetings conducted by the elders. It offers neither an asylum for the poor, a home for the wretched



themselves and act as they see fit cannot be controlled by organizers and organizations, which in olden times may have been very effectual but to-day are simply a symbol of party narrowness and emptiness. Don.

### Social and Personal.

The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will receive on Wednesdays during the season, and the first reception will be held next Wednesday, November 4, from four to half-past six o'clock.

Mrs. C. W. Beatty will hold her post-nuptial receptions on November 10, 11 and 12, at her residence, 121 St. George street.

The performance of Ben-Hur at the Princess Theater has unaccountably failed to pack that pretty house. Chevalier was a strong counter attraction at the Grand; on Monday the massed band concert took thousands of people, and on Tuesday evening every good and true son and daughter of Holy Church was at the Pavilion, or ought to have been. The balance of the week need be very good business to make up for a two nights' frost. The performance was very beautiful, and the scenery grand. Particularly noteworthy was dear little Olive Walker's butterfly dance. This pretty child has always been a graceful little being, but has lately developed into quite an artist. Miss Dottie Lamont danced very prettily and her Eastern costume was most becoming, as was also Miss Violet Towers' Arab garb. Both these young ladies are most lovely in an exactly opposite style, Miss Lamont being a delicate blonde with a wealth of baby-golden locks, and Miss Towers a perfect odalisque, with all the charms of budding Eastern womanhood. The young ladies who danced the various fancy dances made charming pictures of what Toronto can produce in youthful beauty, some of them developing the most extraordinary aptitude for the classic *coiffure*. I was particularly struck with the charms of Miss Boulton, Miss Amy Thompson and Miss Mabel Ince in their several dances. Miss Ince has *la belle tete*, and never looked so well as leading her section of the maids. The leader of the Priestesses of Apollo was a picture of grace and lightness. The dance of these young people is not an easy one. As to the pretty little butterflies and the adorable wee sprites, they capture the audience on every appearance. Mr. Harry Paterson made a great Ben-Hur, and showed how lightly five years have passed over his head since he last essayed the part. The other principals did well, and the roof scene when Iris and Esther are brought face to face was exceedingly realistic; Miss Hogaboom and Miss Howard acted their roles with grace and attention. I should suggest their taking off those beautiful rings while they play the part of lepers. Miss Taylor as Amrah, the faithful nurse of Ben-Hur, acted very dramatically. The tableaux are excellent, far surpassing those of the former representation, and Professor Shaw's admirable rendering of the Chariot Race was well worth going to hear. Many of the other characters deserve mention had I space for it. The performance is an immensely heavy undertaking, and no one who is not behind the scenes has any idea of the labor and care entailed. I hope that Grace Hospital will be greatly benefited by the devotion of all engaged in Ben-Hur.

The concert at the Armouries last Monday evening with first-class music at popular prices, showed what Toronto can do in appreciation. Thousands of people swarmed through the entrance, seized on the available chairs, thronged the galleries and restlessly roamed about the floor space left free for promenading. The officers' gallery was packed and looked like a many-tinted *parterre*, with a row of scarlet gladioli at the back, where the defenders of their country found standing room only. The Armouries were pretty little nooks, some decorated with flags and pictures and set with ice-cream *table-a-tete* tables, others simply swept and garnished and severely touched up with warlike bayonets and tin canteens. Capt. Tassie's company of Grenadiers had an elaborate scheme of bunting, and transformed their bare room into the prettiest of bowers. Opposite to them "I" Co., Q.O.R., kept open house with ice-cream and other goodies. The prize for the best decorated armory went to "B" Company of the 48th (Capt. McLean's), I am told, the conditions of the competition barring carpets, piano lamps and such like frivolities, wherewith the other boys had spread themselves. As to the music, it was grand, and Miss World, whose beautiful singing was first noticed in these columns some fifteen months ago, achieved the triumph I was confident she would. The great, sweet notes of her songs filled the vast expanse of the Armouries perfectly, and one did not need to watch her mouth to discover if she were singing, as I heard a woman say she did regarding a vocalist of greater pretensions and lesser power. Miss World charmed me, by chance, one summer day in St. James's, and I went again to hear her on Monday, contented when, from an obscure corner, I heard every perfect note of her first song. To fill the Armouries is a contract which would not be relished by most lady vocalists, but was accepted willingly by Miss World. The dapper sergeant of the Queen's Own who has the privilege of calling her sister, is proud of her success, as he has every right to be, and received many congratulations and compliments thereon on Monday. Numerically, musically and socially the massed band concert of Monday evening probably broke the record.

The Ceramic exhibit which the ladies of the Art League have been holding for the past fortnight at Roberts' Art Gallery is a charming and interesting nook in which to spend an hour. In the students' exhibit are some beautiful specimens of china painting, but it is the inner chamber which will delight refined and cultured people who strive to live up to their china. Blue china has a curious fascination all its own. It may be hideous in design, faded in tint and cranky in shape, but the blue china holds one under its spell, and what that spell may be is beyond me to explain. We feel it, *voilà tout!* In the inner gallery are many queer blue things, cups and bowls, and coffee "biggings," and plates and trays. I wanted greatly to filch the Talleyrand coffee-pot, with

its weird old recipe printed on its neck, for the making of *café noir*. Thus runs the legend:

Noir comme le diable  
Chaud comme l'enfer  
Pur comme une ange  
Doux comme l'amour,

which is, being translated, "Black as the devil, hot as Hades, pure as an angel and sweet as love." Pretty nice coffee would come from that recipe! There are beautiful things from Ravenswood, from Benvenuto, from dear old drawing-rooms, where dear old ladies who never heard of woman suffrage and won't look at a bicycle have cherished and dusted these frail beauties for scores of years. The Countess of Aberdeen has sent a Watteau fan; Miss Ina Gordon has sent a lot of precious things; Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. J. H. Thompson and others have sent old china; a set of charming old Caxton plates, each bearing a line of a pious verse, so that you read as you run; a queer Dutch coffee-warmer in green, with the dust and ashes of a wee Dutch bon-fire still in its tiny fire-pot; Spode ware, adorable chubby tea-pots, Queen Anne, Old Empire—the poets only know what aroma of romance and halo of love hangs around their fat sides. All these for a delightful half-hour I visited with, and the six o'clock bell clanged while I was still hanging over a small, unutterably hideous clay image, and wondering if the Talleyrand coffee-pot were tied to its hook.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Scales of 54 Wellington place invited a number of friends to meet Mrs. Cora Wheeler of Boston, that charming lady whose graceful writings are familiar to many of us. Mrs. Wheeler recited some of her own poems, calling them "poor things, but mine own," in an access of modest quotation which was quite unjustifiable.

"When I was all your world, dear love,  
And my round earth was you,"  
was her first little gift to the charmed listeners, followed by several delightful baby and child pieces. Nine of the prettiest and sweetest of maidens from the Abbey were among Mrs. Scales' guests, and they played and sang charmingly. Miss Hughes of Buffalo, the funniest, drollest and prettiest of the lot, gave several comical recitations. The Crooked-Mouthed Family and Mrs. O'Toole in the Street Cars being a couple of laughable ones. Miss Keighley of Toronto, another clever little creature, also gave demure and laughter-provoking selections, her German and negro dialect being very well rendered. Mr. J. L. Hughes told funny stories in his own fetching way. Mr. and Mrs. Youngheart dropped in late in the evening, and Mrs. Youngheart sang, and later joined her husband in a duet, which was charmingly given. Mrs. Alfred Benjamin played a pretty *morceau*. Supper was set in the library and dining-room, and the large company were seated at prettily decorated tables. Among the guests were: Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Mrs. Spooner, Mrs. Benjamin and Miss Levy, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Mr. Ryrie, Mr. Ernie Matthews and Mr. Carlyle, and quite a number of others. Mrs. Wheeler will be in town for a few days and is preparing a magazine article, The Canadian Girl and her Brother, which bids fair to interest Torontonians greatly.

On Tuesday Mrs. Rigby gave a small and very pleasant tea to a few friends, who were invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Addenbrook, who have lately arrived from England. The afternoon was particularly lovely and the guests were all ready for the fragrant tea or the blandly satisfying chocolate served by the two charming young people who presided in the tea-room. Among those at the tea I noticed Professor and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mr. McKenzie, Mrs. and Miss Welch, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. Young, Miss Strachan and others. The Dean and Mrs. Rigby are very cozily settled at 333 Shaw street, immediately south of St. Hilda's College.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been slightly indisposed, and it is hoped that his coming trip to the Old Country, which has such a pleasant event as its *raison d'être*, will do him a lot of good. The esteem in which our Lieutenant-Governor is held by all for his kind and cordial interest in everything making for the advancement and happiness of our public and private interests, accounts for the regret with which we contemplate his possible retirement next June. This sentiment is beginning to be voiced at the various annual meetings, entertainments and functions to which, for five years, his genial presence has been a much appreciated addition. The present and future thoughts devoted to His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have large leaven of gratitude for goodness of this nature, and it is an added pleasure to everyone that in addition to the good-will they have always shown, they have such a particularly gracious and graceful manner of showing it.

Sir Charles Tupper dined on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and a party of congenial friends.

The reception to the Irish delegates on Tuesday evening was a grand affair. The delegates were received at the Pavilion and the place was thronged. On Wednesday Archbishop Walsh dined the delegates at mid-day, and their reception in Toronto will probably be one of their pleasantest memories in connection with their Irish trip last summer.

The Ontario Medical College for Women held its annual reception on Tuesday evening at the College Hall in Sumach street, when a pleasant company spent a bright and enjoyable evening. The Dean and Mrs. Nevitt received the guests and were assisted by those clever young women in cap and gown who pursue the study of the art of healing within the precincts of this college.

Judge and Mrs. J. Juchereau Kingsmill are now settled at No. 4 Grange road, where Mrs. Kingsmill receives on Thursdays. It will be of interest to society to know that Mr. and Mrs. Pringle of Galt are to reside with them for the winter. Mr. Pringle is the successor as assistant manager to Mr. Edward Hebdin in the Merchants' Bank.

Mrs. John Gunsey Moore, one of St. Catharines' sweetest fall brides, is holding her

post-nuptial reception this week at 31 Church street, her new home, which is one of the smartest and prettiest imaginable. The bride's reception gown of mauve and white duchesse satin, with mauve *chiffon* bodice, is much admired. Mrs. J. Sheldon Davis, Mrs. A. W. Marquis, a charming June bride, Miss St. John and Miss Leila McCallum are assisting in the pleasant duties.

Mrs. Charles O'Reilly gives an afternoon tea next Friday at her residence in Sumach street.

The annual military Sunday parade for divine service at Massey Hall takes place tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock, when the usual turnout of the brave (and, as a natural consequence, the fair) will, weather permitting, be very brilliant.

Miss Kate Lillian Hockin, youngest daughter of Mr. N. Hockin of Dowling avenue, Parkdale, left last Monday to take a three years' course at the Senay Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y. Miss Hockin's many friends will miss her greatly and all join in best wishes for her success.

Miss Blanche L. Macdonell of Montreal has an article in the London *Sketch* of September 2 called The Ice-Bound St. Lawrence, describing the winter aspects of our great Canadian river. It is illustrated with photographs by Notman of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Aikins have returned home and will reside at 548 Parliament street, where Mrs. Aikins will receive on Wednesday, November 4, 1896.

Mr. and Miss Tubby have returned from Balmy Beach to their home on Rose avenue.

I hear that Miss Frances Lillian Massey, daughter of the late Hart Massey, is shortly to be married to Mr. J. M. Treble of Jarvis street.

A rumor has been heard that Major Septimus Denison is to be removed from London Military School to Stanley Barracks, and I hear that this move will not be *fait accompli* if the wishes of the major are consulted. The major likes his post in London and the Londoners like him.

Quite a number of nice people passed through Toronto and made little visits to friends last week.

Mrs. J. L. Bray of Chatham spent a few days with Mrs. A. R. Pyne this week.

Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing* passed through Toronto on Monday on his way west for some shooting. He is expected back to-morrow on a little visit to his sister, Mrs. Alfred Denison.

A feature of Cook's Turkish Baths on ladies' days is a blockade of bicycles in the entrance hall. My lady now goes everywhere on her wheel, to church, to the theater, the concert, the lecture, the dinner party even, while the fine weather lasts. "It's so jolly, you know," said one, as she hopped on her wheel after a Chevalier evening; "no waiting for cars, no coupe hire, no delay, and the fun of a ride," and with a hitch of her long skirt under her arm she disappeared into the night!

Mrs. E. Harry Duggan gave an informal and very pretty tea on Tuesday afternoon to about forty ladies. It was quite impromptu, and most of the invitations were sent *via* the "hallo" box, but like many such affairs was all the more enjoyable. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, who recently returned from Spain, were among the guests and were warmly greeted by many friends.

Mrs. Alexander Davidson of College street gave a very nice tea on Tuesday to a small *coterie* of intimate friends to meet her cousin, Mr. Winkley, who is on a visit in town.

Mrs. Elzas, who was up for the Samuels-Myers nuptials, returned to Charleston on Tuesday.

Athelstane was filled with guests on Saturday for Mrs. Somerville's afternoon reception. The billiard-room, which is such an added attraction to an always charming home, was used as a tea-room, and a table which was a picture, laden with flowers, costly art china, silver and glass, was watched over by a contingent of Webb's men. A constant stream of guests arrived until six o'clock, and the house was filled with a very smart crowd. Mrs. Hetherington, who is *en pension* for the present, received with her sister. Mrs. Somerville wore a lovely half-mourning gown in black and white. The hostess, whose mind is at rest about her surroundings, ought to look her very best when welcoming people to the home she adorns, so that it goes without saying that the mistress of Athelstane looked a picture. A tall young daughter and a cherub of a little one were also busy, each in her own way, and Mr. Arthur Somerville, who is now living in Hamilton, was at home also. A group of the R. M. C. boys, flushed with their victory in Rosedale, brightened up an already pretty scene with their scarlet coats. A few of the people I remarked were: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Davidson, Mrs. Alec Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney, Mrs. Brouse, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Minty, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Shephard Hetherington, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Miss Lee and hosts of others. A carpet dance for a few young people finished the evening.

Mrs. Harvey P. Dwight's tea on Tuesday was largely attended by many ladies, and her brilliant *salon* was a scene of great smartness between five and half-past six o'clock. Mrs. Dwight wore a delicately tinted gown of dull rose and black, and in the tea-room a party of charming girls served the usual dainties. Pretty Miss Dwight was in a very *ingenue* frock of white muslin. Miss McArthur was in black; Miss Mathews looked very charming; Miss Helliwell wore a yellow blouse and dark skirt. The buffet was prettily spread with cut glass, china and all sorts of tempting things, from the unobtrusive and modest salted almonds to the most lovely individual ices, of which was a tiny pair of Cinderella

## Our Tiniest Diamonds

There is one respect in which even our very smallest diamonds are superior to many others that you see, and that is in their perfect cutting.

In every stone you will find the "table" perfect in shape—the distance from the "table" to the "girdle" and from the "table" to the "culet" is proportionate, and every "facet" is cut on correct mathematical lines.

All these points added to their perfect color explain why our diamonds excel in brilliancy and value.

## Ryrie Bros.

Diamond Merchants  
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

slippers, bestowed upon a belated woman whose time was less than her teas on that busy Tuesday. Mrs. Dwight's tea was remarkably cordial and a good many merry laughs were heard over topics of present interest.

McKinley L.O.L. No. 275 will hold its fifty-sixth annual At Home in Victoria Orange Hall on the evening of Friday, November 20. This is always an enjoyable event.

The French Conversation Class has been again organized for the coming season. Monsieur and Madame Masson are now residing at 67 Grosvenor street, where Madame Masson receives on the second Tuesday.

The cycling fraternity and sisterhood had good times this week, for weather the very thing for wheeling was the rule. Now that bicycling is voted the proper thing, it is amusing to recall the determined attitude of outraged propriety which met its introduction in Toronto four or five years ago. There are still to be discovered, a wee bit dusty be it remarked, a few conservative fossils who decry the craze, but then I verily believe there is still a Dodo somewhere in Toronto, though the creature is believed to be extinct. Should a psychic geologist some day inspect our remains he will, to a certainty, pronounce us "rich in fossils."

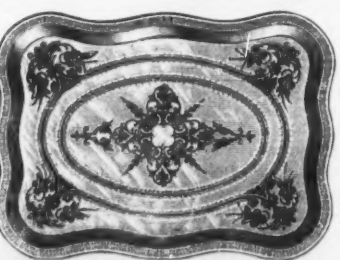
Mrs. Graham's housewarming reception on Saturday was a crowded and enjoyable affair. The new house was beautifully arranged, the south rooms being used as reception parlor, and a generous table being served by Webb in the spacious dining-room on the north side of the entrance hall. The Italian orchestra played very nicely in a corner off the hall. Mrs. Graham has two delightful assistants in her daughters, and the masculine contingent usually *en evidence* on Saturday afternoon was largely augmented by a number of students, who did the agreeable in good style. Dr. and Mrs. Graham are most cordial and kind in all relations, and nowhere more so than when welcoming friends, as everyone felt who attended this reception.

Miss Maud Pearson, who was to have danced with the Priestesses of Apollo, was obliged to resign owing to the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Lake, in Kingston. Miss Maud Thompson was kind enough to take the vacant place.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott of Montreal and their little ones are visiting Mr. Scott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott of Sherbourne street.

### A Woman's Way.

North Bay Times.  
Two young ladies somewhere near here went out for a buggy ride one day, and on coming to a brook it occurred to them that the horse might want a drink. They therefore drove into the stream and commanded the horse to drink, but did not loosen the check rein. Then when they saw the horse trying to reach the water, they got out and lifted up the back of the buggy, so that he could get his head down!



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We have all sizes in the plain Jardineres in stock again, as well as a lot of other articles just received.

Our stock is now at its best, and it will be advisable to select at once.

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In the semi-precious line the Bloodstone easily leads—bearing in many cases the crest or monogram of the wearer.

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## Social and Personal.

The interest taken last season in the various ambulance classes bids fair to be outdone this winter. The success achieved by the various ladies will encourage others, and the desire for useful and practical knowledge will spread. I heard a woman poking fun at these classes the other day, but it is not generally known that this same personage was the heroine who once put a plentiful sprinkling of sugar on a bread-and-milk poultice, and explained appendicitis as an affection of the eyes.

At a recent dinner party a certain rash-spoken personage made a remark about the beautiful club house of the Country and Hunt Club which has roused much interest and indignation among those who know better than to believe it. This charming suburban resort has been a great boon to many nice people as a Mecca for their pilgrimages into the country. That its prosperous existence may be long continued is the wish of one and all, or, perhaps 'twere better said, of all except one. Again it may be that most of us know where the shoe pinches in certain localities.

My lady's pug is, in the artificial and affected social atmosphere of many smart localities, really more an object of admiration and enquiry on behalf of her dear five hundred friends than my lady's baby (should she be so old-fashioned as to have one). Pugs are an acquired taste, and even enthusiastic dog-lovers often draw the line at the bit of black-faced superciliousness with the embryo nose. But there are dogs and dogs, and sometimes the family pet is such a magnificent specimen that he really secures the regard of every friend of the family. Such was Bruno, Major Pellatt's big St. Bernard, whom many a dainty dame will miss when she rings the bell on Mondays at the cosy cottage on Sherbourne street. For good-natured and majestic Bruno is in dog-paradise and his grave was sorrowfully dug at Cliffside this summer. In carrying out good Dr. Watts' idea, the bite part was too severe on Bruno, and he succumbed to blood-poisoning after a scrap with some cantankerous canine summer guest. We could have more easily missed a hundred other dogs.

Miss Laura Seales and Miss Thurber of New York are spending the winter with Mrs. Seales of Wellington place. On the third and fourth Wednesdays Mrs. Seales and her young people are at home to callers, many of whom, doubtless, will remember a sister of Miss Thurber's, Miss Carrie, who made so many friends here two winters ago.

St. Thomas' church, St. Catharines, was the scene of a brilliant social function on Wednesday afternoon, October 21, when the two daughters of Dr. Frank Mack were married, Miss Kathleen to Mr. H. L. Watt of Toronto, and Miss Carrie to Mr. D. M. Muir of Toronto. Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony the sacred edifice was thronged with spectators, and when at half-past four the guests began to assemble, every available seat, not reserved, was filled. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, and the brides' processions, as they entered the church, presented a most artistic appearance. The bridal dresses were of ivory satin, long trains trimmed with opalescent pearl trimming and chiffon, with veils gracefully draped off the face. Sprays of orange blossoms trimmed the skirts, and a wreath of the same flower nestled gracefully upon the heads. The two maids of honor and four bridesmaids wore white silk gowns, with chiffon and ribbon trimmings; the maids of honor were in pure white. Miss Kathleen's bridesmaids had yellow ribbons and roses, and Miss Carrie's wore pink ribbons and roses to match. All had large black velvet picture hats. As the bridal processions entered the church the two grooms, with their groomsmen—Messrs. Reginald Geary and Arthur Kerby of Toronto—and Dr. Frank Mack came forward from the vestry and received the brides at the chancel steps, the choir at the same time singing the bridal chorus from Lohengrin. Two such fair young brides had seldom appeared together, and every eye was turned upon the charming figures as with grace and dignity the bridal procession made its way to the chancel, where the impressive service was read by Rural Dean Armitage. First came the eight ushers, Messrs. N. G. Ramage, Ed. Bate, C. J. Mee, Allen Campbell, J. O. Merritt, Ray Benson, Frank G. Cox, T. C. Dawson, Jr., and Percy Helliwell. Miss Kathleen's maid of honor, Miss Emily Bate, next appeared, then Miss Kathleen herself, radiant and happy, followed by her two bridesmaids, Miss Gussie Helliwell and Miss Muriel Beaton. Then followed Miss Carrie's maid of honor, Miss Lily Larkin, then Miss Carrie, beautiful and smiling, and her bridesmaids, Miss Helen Merritt and Miss Susie Paterson. After the blessing had been pronounced the brides and grooms, Mr. and Mrs. Watt and Mr. and Mrs. Muir, followed by their assistants, walked down the aisle to the beautiful strains of the familiar Wedding March. A reception followed at the home of the brides, where a *recherche* repast was partaken of. The brides received the congratulations of their friends standing beneath a marriage bell of white roses and smilax, and after the usual formulae of cutting the cakes, the healths of the newly married pairs were drunk in champagne. The guests admired the numerous presents, of which there were three hundred in all; they were from all parts of the continent and showed a display of taste rarely excelled. Cheques, silverware, costly hand-painted china pieces, and dainty fancy work vied with each other for admiration. After an hour spent in greetings the brides retired to don their traveling-gowns, and when they reappeared Mrs. Watt looked smart in a tailor-made blue frock, hat to match, and handsome furs, and Mrs. Muir was charming in a terra-cotta costume, dainty hat, and seal collar and muff. Mr. and Mrs. Watt will spend their honeymoon in New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Muir will go to Chicago, and on their return the two sisters will reside on St. Patrick street, Toronto. Among the guests were: Dr. Hugh Watt of Victoria, B.C., Judge and Mrs. Clark, Miss Denis of Cobourg, and Miss Muir of Hamilton, Miss Nicol of Cookstown, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Miss Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Riordan, the Misses Riordan, Mrs. Charles



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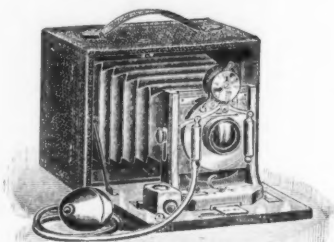
1 lb. box, 55 cents	3 lb. box, \$1.50
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the beauties of nature? If you do, you should buy a camera at once, for it is the only way to satisfy your love.



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you should still buy a camera, and by its aid widen your views to see this brightest side of life in its true colors

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ALBERT WILLIAMS,  
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J. H. Ingersoll, Miss Ingersoll, the Misses Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, and Rev. and Mrs. Armitage.

The German Conversation Club has re-assembled, and the members meet in Beacon Hall, Forum Building, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Any persons wishing to join will please send their names as early as possible to the secretary, Mrs. White, 185 Carlton street. Mrs. Lillie and Mrs. S. G. Beatty are again president and vice-president, and Herr August Schepp, Ph.D., who with his wife attends Trinity College, is director.

Mr. and Mrs. Forester are settled at 40 Cecil street, where Mrs. Forester receives on Wednesdays.

The Bishop and Mrs. DuMoulin are to be very comfortably settled in Hamilton. The Diocesan authorities have purchased the nice residence recently occupied by Mrs. Grant for a See House.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, Mr. Harold Jarvis and the University Banjo and Guitar Club, with Mr. Snedley, gave a delightful entertainment last Friday evening in Association Hall. Quite a smart audience was present. Miss Ramsay was charming from first to last. The opening selection, a monologue by a gushing bride awaiting her tardy husband's escort to a dinner, is very well done by this clever lady. When I am in a fault-finding humor, however, I always dislike the little scrap of this monologue which remarks on the fit of her gown. It likes me not. Miss Ramsay's gown was a very handsome light silk brocade with exquisite lace *berthe*, and her expressive, talented face nobly showed a reflecting of her subject from grave to gay as it suited her. Mr. Jarvis sang beautifully. His voice is mellow and silvery sweet, and his perfect enunciation a treat to listen to. One of his encores, The Heilanman's Toast, was just to the taste of his hearers and nearly cost him another. By the way, Mr. Jarvis was, the last time I saw him, within an ace of making a "beautiful corp," as the French maid said. He was coaching about Toronto with a family party, and in driving out of High Park the four-in-hand was nearly struck by a heavy freight train, which came in the opposite direction to a train which had just passed. One of the party jumped, dragging with him the fur cloak of a passenger on the coach, which garment was caught by the cowcatcher of the train and torn to ribbons. It was a narrow squeak for our handsome tenor, and the man at the gate has probably been more watchful ever since.

I wonder how the Sabbath Observance people like Mr. S. H. Blake's outbreak ament Sunday cycling. If you don't take a ride on Sunday you are emphatically not in it, and one meets hundreds of our best people (in every sense) spinning countryward on Sunday should the day be fine. Some of them are S. O.'s too!

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh George have removed to 112 Bedford road. Mrs. George receives on Fridays.

Mrs. Alex. L. Johnston will be at home on the first and third Tuesdays after November 1, at 167 1/2 Bleeker street.

The Happy Thought Cooking School has taken the fancy of many of our best people. Sometimes the class-room contains half a hundred or more of serious-faced girls and matrons, who learn the secrets of chafing-dish cookery and every sort of dainty dish as well. Mrs. Joy's new classes bid fair to exceed past experience in interest and numbers. They are now being formed, and applicants should apply at McDonald & Wilson's, Yonge street, where the large and airy cooking-school is located. Miss Gimson continues as assistant. This month's course is particularly interesting and seasonable for the coming festive occasions of Thanksgiving and Yuletide. The last course of cooking lessons for the season will begin next week.

There is a periodical cry, among some busy or overburdened folk, for a large, airy, quiet family hotel. It is perchance only a cry, but should it be an appeal in earnest there is a partial response in a recently opened hostelry down on the corner of Simcoe and Front streets. The Grand Union is the brightest, airiest and most prettily furnished hotel in Toronto, and the table is excellent. There is every modern contrivance for comfort, and I do not in the least wonder at Loie Fuller's enthusiastic comment upon the comfort and civility which she there enjoyed. The rooms overlook the old Parliament Buildings park and Government House on the west, and the vacant green around the old Palace boarding house on the east. Just over the way is the magnificent new station; far below are the noise and dust of the trains. I have inspected the Grand Union from its daintily kept kitchen to its flat roof, wreathed with electric lights, and found nothing that was not most satisfactory.

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## FRY'S Chocolates



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it is to have really good and pure TOILET SOAPS. WE KEEP ONLY THE BEST. Among which are Roger & Gallet's, Eugene Rimmel's, Pinaud's, Colgate's, Cleaver's, Pears', and a host of special perfumed and medicated soaps.

Also SOAP DISHES—Porcelain, Celluloid and Britannia Metal.

Don't forget that we make a specialty of Theatrical Make-ups, Toilet Powders and Manicure Requisites. Please call and see our prices.

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from Webb's are made for people who want the best. For fifty years they have delighted Canadian brides, and have been the chief ornament at fashionable weddings. They are made in all the modern styles and shapes, and are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue and price list on application.

The HARRY WEBB CO.  
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Is a special feature of our business. Customers will find much that they need when arranging for evening parties. Our prices will commend themselves to economical buyers.

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## Up-to-Date

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So thick is the cream upon the bottled milk of the Alpine Dairy Co., that really the milk costs their customers nothing—the cream is worth the price.

TELEPHONE 4450 Office and Dairy  
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is a skin clear of all impurities such as Freckles, Livid Spots, Rash, Eczema, Sallowness, Tan, etc. A lady, no matter how plain, can have her skin made pure, white and fine in texture by using

## Princess Complexion Purifier

the preparation without an equal. Price \$1.50, express paid. Trouble or ill health is often the cause of premature Wrinkles, Thin Cheeks and Scrawny Neck. For removing the wrinkles and making the cheeks and neck firm, plump and nice there is no better or nicer than Princess Skin Food. It is also beneficial for peck marks and scars. Price \$1.50 by mail.

Superfluous Hair removed permanently and satisfactorily by the only remedy known to science—Electrolysis. Send stamp for our pamphlet, "Health and Good Looks."

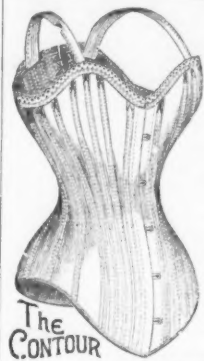
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201 King Street West  
Phone 1286  
Visitors while in the city should take one of Cook's Turkish Baths, it being the greatest luxury one can have. They are the largest and finest up-to-date baths in Canada. Ladies, including hairdressing, 75c. Gentlemen—Day, 75c.; evening, 50c. Baths are open all night, with excellent sleeping accommodation without extra charge. Chiropodist always in attendance.

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"The Contour"

Of course, it is

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Fine French standard perfumes:  
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and many other fashionable odors.

Ladies' special Hair Brushes, long bristle. Gents' Hair Brushes, Brilliantine, Cosmétique, Pomade for hair, beard and moustaches. Real French Toilet Vinegar, Toilet Waters, Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water.

All manœuvre articles kept in stock. Manicure parlors for ladies children and gentlemen. We give best manicure for 50c.

Face Massage and Steaming, most successful and most natural treatment for improvement and preservation of the complexion.

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

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## LATEST STYLES!



Pember's Pompadour Bang from \$3.50 to \$6.00.  
Pember's Pointed Bang from \$2.50 up.

Restoring the Hair to its Former Color is an Art

Therefore ladies be wise and select for your hairdresser an expert in this line, practical and reliable: this is where we excel! Where others fail, we succeed in every case. When we make a charge we guarantee to make the hair the natural shade, for the price stated. Hair colored in twenty different shades.

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## QUESTIONS OF VERACITY

are many of the statements and claims made by advertisers. It is poor policy to humbug the public with misleading advertisements as in the end it reflects seriously upon the advertiser. We find this out daily by persons who call on us and tell us how so-and-so promised this and that at a certain price and failed to carry out the promises. As an instance we refer to a lady caller last week who had her hair dyed by a supposed or self-claimed expert under promises of it turning out perfectly natural and the same as the original shade—but such a sight! It was a mass of contradictory colors and required a lot of patching up and touching here and there to bring it to anything like a universal shade—however our artists accomplished it and to-day the lady is happy and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we succeeded where others failed. This is not an isolated case. Such come before us daily consequently we look at it as a matter of duty to warn all who contemplate dying or coloring the hair to be careful. Investigate the nature of the materials used and be assured of the operator's experience. Keen judgment by the operators in the use of Hair Dyes and Colorings must be observed to ensure success. Thorough proficiency cannot be gained by simply serving an apprenticeship—it takes time, experience and study to make an artist in this line.

The hair being the main factor of personal appearance is too important to trifle and experiment with consequently if you anticipate changing the color of your hair, or undergoing treatment look into the matter thoroughly before deciding. As we stated before it is bad policy to issue misleading advertisements. We stick to truths and solicit investigation—our aim is to benefit you, not simply for the profit in so doing but for the gain in your future trade and that of your friends whom you will send us by reason of the straight and upright methods we employ in our dealings with you. Now think this over. Is it best to trust to the oldest established house or to one of mushroom growth? We look for the steady and permanent trade, others for the transient "what can we get" kind. We do not experiment under any condition. Unless we are satisfied that we can guarantee perfect satisfaction we do not undertake any case and we frankly tell the truth. Will you trust us? Think!

DORENDWEND CO., LTD.  
103 AND 105 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.  
Next week or week after we will spring a sensation—watch for it.



## JIMSON'S RIDE.

The Story of a Remarkable Bicycle Race

YOUNG Reginald Bissett Jimson was noted among his contemporaries for always doing things up brown. He was inevitably the first to ride every new hobby to death. Whether it were theoretic altruism or theosophy, table-turning or kodaking, skating or phrenology, (which last, although a bump-tious science, is coming in again), clog-dancing or *tableaux vivants*, esoteric Buddhism or palmistry, (the motto of which last named is hand-some is that handsome does), or prize rebuses or home athletics or any other fad of the hour, he led them all. He had the advantage of possessing two childless maiden aunts who believed in him and made much of him, and also had a wealthy bachelor uncle ostensibly childless too, so that our hero was not stinted for money in his aspirations. His proud eminence in all faddism was not achieved without adventure. In spiritualism he became so adept that platen were thrown about in the home of his maiden aunts, chairs tipped with the old ladies on them, and tables turned of themselves and upset the tea-chings. He once threw a young woman into a hypnotic sleep and could not get her out of it, so that her father threatened to prosecute him, and did thrash him. He could skate so near a hole in the ice that he fell in and had to be taken home on a shutter and given brandy and soda. At tennis the number of windows he broke would hardly be believed, and at golf he split more clubs than any man on the links. From athletics he not infrequently appeared at breakfast with a black eye and his head variegated with sticking-plaster. Everything he went into he went into with a rush. Need it therefore be said that when bicycling began to be the institution it now is in the land, he resolved to become a champion leader of the bike?

After profound thought and deliberation he selected with much care a machine with all the latest improvements from the thousand and one advertisements that stud the newspapers and magazines. Then he took a course of instruction at a cycling academy until he could ride without feeling as if all his bones were dislocated. Thereafter he practiced by scooting (scooting) at lightning speed up and down his native street, occasionally upsetting apple-stands and women peddling vegetables. In due time he shot out a few miles into the country, rendering the highway unsafe and making rural children afraid to show their noses outside their own farm gates. Horses ran away at his approach or backed into ditches. Dogs pursued him with howls. Pedestrians feared their hour was come and fled. A few weak-minded persons were scared out of their wits and were sent to asylums, but it is pleasing to add that of the considerable number actually run over and conveyed to hospitals, several recovered. In brief, he acquired proficiency in the noble art.

It happened about that time a grand cycling competition was got up, open to all the world, for a gold medal and the championship of Silo County. Here was an object worthy of our hero's ambition. Consequently he put himself in training. It occurred to him that a criminal who had just come off the treadmill after a six weeks' climb would be the very man to win a cycle race. Strengthening of the muscles of the calves would be the thing that would do it. In absence of a treadmill he therefore set himself the task of running up and down stairs from cellar to attic one hundred times every morning and one hundred times every afternoon, with the view of strengthening his calves, and persevered in it until he drove his aunts distracted. He also cultivated curvature of the spine. In the intervals he would lie down on his back on the grass, and raising his pedals would twinkle them in the air until it made one wink to look at him. Having tested how many times he could flash his feet in a minute, he would go to bed and dream of a gold medal attached to a blue ribbon that he could wear in commemoration of his victory.

Rising early on the morning of the great event and having taken a hot bath, he oiled himself all over and polished off with chamolis leather until he shone like a Greek statue. Then he supplied all his joints, and having girt himself with an elastic belt patronized by cyclers, and further forced himself to eat a moderate breakfast—for anxiety had taken away his appetite—he longed ardently for the hour of contest. It came at last, and sixteen wheels ranged, at three miles' distance from town, across the whole width of the Great North road, according to the customary habit of cyclists, totally careless of the convenience of foot-travelers and drivers of vehicles. If such persons were run over, that was their own look-out. When Jimson came on the ground, carefully leading his bicycle by the handle for it had a patent self-acting multiplier that was apt to go off of itself, like a hair-trigger, on the very smallest provocation, he was received with a mingled shout of laughter and applause, for he was got up in leather, and an azure-blue silk jockey jacket that he had induced Dollie Wabster to make for him, the whole surmounted by a scarlet toque. With much chatter and confusion the competitors were placed, each fore-wheel parallel to a hair-breadth, so as to form an exact mathematical line. Then Tom Brown, the starter, climbed over a fence into a field and fired a pistol as the signal to "Go!" It was an inspiring sight to see the youth of our country, alleged to be of both sexes—although from their costume it was impossible to decide which was which—astride in this intellectual pursuit. At first the whole field tore off like a flight of eagles, the wheels keeping the line. Before the first half-mile was got over a few had fallen behind, and before its end was reached a number more had tailed off into the ruck. In the second mile, only seven of the sixteen who had started kept up. The third and last mile was a gentle down-grade, in which the North road ended in the town of Shingleton, where the three umpires stood in a group on the street, with their watches in their hands. Jimson was ahead of the whole field.

His pedal extremities pedaled involuntarily with the rapidity of a buzz-saw. His elbows were rigid, his body bent in a semi-circle and the tassel of his toque streamed behind him like a meteor. When the last half-mile was reached he was fifty yards ahead. A madness possessed him and he redoubled his pedaling for all he was worth, and more. Then he became conscious that his steed was running away. "Whoa, you brute!" he cried. "Drop it, I say! I might as well ride an untamed bike of the desert! Whoa, you vicious beast!" Desperately he tugged at the brake. Unfortunately the multiplier was "self-acting" only. The infuriated wheel only ran the faster.

It happened that Main street crossed the end of North road at right angles, and directly facing that road was a working-tailor's shop with a frontage mostly of one large glass window, behind which might be seen half a dozen tailors sitting on a table stitching away, with their legs doubled under them like Turks. The first thing Jimson ran into was the group of umpires, whom he prostrated as one man, and then plunged bodily through the shop-window, knocking down the tailors like nine-pins. Then his insensate vehicle, keeping up its impetus, upset a table whereon bowls and hash were laid out for dinner, and dashing madly on through another half-glass door, marked "private," caused the head tailor's wife, in her private room, to sit down violently on the floor screaming; next taking a header over a cradle, scattered the tailor's six-months child into a coal-scuttle, and finished by smashing itself against the wall and knocking the modern Mazeppa senseless. When that over-sanguine cyclist came to himself, some hours after, he learned that the judges had awarded the prize to the man who came in second—possibly on the ground that Jimson went by so fast that they couldn't see him. And if you ask Jimson what he thinks of bicycling he will tell you that he thinks there is not much in it.

P.E.I., Oct., '96.

MEDICO.

### The Plague of Aeronauts.

Harper's Monthly.

"I UNDERSTAND there is some scenery worth seeing away back in the Allegash Hills, and that, as you have just returned from that region, you will be able to tell me all about it," said the city man, who was spending the summer at the tavern at South Squam, to a commercial traveler sitting near at hand.

"Well, yes," replied the voracious purveyor of washing-machines; "and then again, no. The scenery is plentiful there, and it used to be worth seeing, but it isn't so any more. I make a trip through that section as often as once in about six months. The scenery used to fill me with something of the same feeling of admiration for nature's sublimity that was to be found in the old Fifth Reader of our school-days, only not quite so much so; for I am not a poet, but the agent for a labor-saving utensil which ought to be in every household in the land—and every fellow to his trade, you know. But for some time the scenery out there has been growing worse and worse, till now it fills me with disgust instead of admiration and awe."

"Ah, I see! You have grown accustomed to it, and familiarity has bred contempt?" said the city man.

"No, not exactly. Those blamed flying-machine men have spoiled its appearance," was the answer.

"I don't understand you. Flying-machine men?"

"Yep. For the last two years they have had a regular plague of 'em out in that region. In the first place, an ingenious secondhand inventor a contrivance which flew quite well, and a circus manager bought the machine and gave the inventor a good salary for operating it. And thus the craze was started. Everybody who was cursed with any mechanical skill whatever went to inventing flying-machines. The gentleman who was starring with the circus perished miserably, early in the second week of his engagement, with his head thrust through the roof of a young ladies' seminary, but the sad news did not in the least discourage the inventors at home. And when they heard later that some society or other was offering a large sum of money to the person who would render aerial navigation possible and pleasant, the craze speedily developed into a mania."

"They have been at it ever since, and the plague seems to be increasing in virulence all the time. It is a very poor family indeed which hasn't at least one inventor in it, or an empty chair which was erstwhile warmed by a flying-machine crank. The inventors who have gone before all perished miserably at the hands of their own inventions, so to speak, but with many variations. You cannot ride far in any direction through that region without seeing one or more formerly picturesque chunks of scenery now muzzed up with all that was mortal of some defunct inventor. There is hardly a boulder of any size which has not been defaced with the brains of an over-confident aeronaut, nor a lone tree with a broken limb available for that purpose which has not at some time ripped the life out of a flying-machine man."

"Sometimes an aeronaut is discovered perched on top of the court-house, with a lightning-rod peeping out through his back; and here and there may be seen the holes where geniuses have been driven head-foremost into the bosom of the earth. There are more hysterical women in that region than in any other locality I have ever visited. It is very trying on feminine nerves for a housewife to be peacefully hanging out the washing on a pleasant Monday morning, and when her back is turned for a moment, to have a wild-eyed gentleman with wings swoop down and, without stopping to beg pardon, impale himself on the clothes-pole."

"I had the pleasure, during my last visit, of witnessing the combined *debut* and demise of the most ambitious aeronaut in the county. This gentleman, whose name was Bosanko, had rigged up a contrivance on what he believed

to be the architectural plan of an albatross. On the day of trial he ascended to the top of a high hill, accompanied by the band and a large concourse of admiring friends, intending to sail majestically across the valley and land on the opposite hill.

"The band played 'Annie Laurie' as he kissed his hand to the cheering multitude and hopped off from the top of the hill. When he was half-way across the valley the machine broke, and down he fell toward the little church in the dell. He did his best to prevent a *contretemps* by shouting for 'em to move the church in a hurry if they didn't want it all muzzed up. But unfortunately they did not have the required time, and so, uttering a fiendish yell, he impaled himself on the weather-vane of the steeple. His friends were engaged in splicing ladders together to use in unhooking him when I left, and I understood that it cost the congregation about forty dollars to repaint the steeple."

"The next trip I make out that way I am going to carry a wagon-load of signs for sale, with such legends as these painted on 'em: 'Five Dollars Fine for dashing your Brains out on this Rock!' 'Please keep off from this Lightning-Rod!' and so forth. Well, I must be going home; we are going to have the minister to tea this evening, and it is getting along toward that time now. Glad I met you. So long, sir."

And the voracious purveyor of a household necessity sauntered onward, leaving the gentleman from the city, who was a prominent real-estate agent in his own bailiwick, gazing after him with admiration and envy in his look.

TOM P. MORGAN.

### Toucan Play at This Game.



1—Frogs—Say, but ain't dis a snap?



2—Toucan—Who said snap?

### A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front (the most modern hotel in the city, steam heated, baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

### Winners and Losers

in the recent active speculation in December wheat will both alike have their nerves soothed and strengthened by using only Muller's Westminster smoking tobacco. 9 King street west.

Miss Lilia Simpson, professor of the piano, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for her own use.

"What does Slyker think about this silver question?" "There's no telling. All we know is what he says."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Hello, gloves," said Jack to Tommie and Sammie. "Whatcher call us gloves for?" asked Tommie. "Because you're a pair of kids," said Jack.—*Bazar*.

"I didn't realize how short he was until I heard what Miss Pinkerly said about him." "What was that?" "She said he was every inch a gentleman."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Casey—Phwat are yez goin' t' name th' darlint? Mrs. O'Brien—Solomon Isaacstein Jacob Cohen Aaron O'Brien; an' if he don't git rich wid that name, he kin shtarve t' deth, begorra!—*Judge*.

"Perhaps if I were to boil it down," suggested the author—"Wouldn't it do any good," said the obdurate editor. "Take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, and it would still be nothing but water."

Mother—It shocks me awfully to think you took the penny. Remember, it is as much a sin to steal a penny as a dollar. Now, how do you feel, Willy? Willy—Like a chump! There was a dollar right alongside the penny.—*Puck*.

Mabel—How many engagement rings did you bring back from the seashore? Gertrude—None. Mabel—Why, how did that happen? Gertrude—Unluckily, I got in with the same crowd that I met last year.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Youngerman—Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? Oletimer—Well, before I was married I thought that possibly they could. Youngerman—And afterward? Oletimer—Oh, I didn't do any thinking afterward—I found they had to.—*Puck*.

Young Mr. Fitts—What are you smiling at, dear? Mrs. Fitts—I was just thinking how you used to sit and hold my hand for an hour at a time before we were married. How silly you were! Mr. Fitts—I wasn't silly at all. I held your hand to keep you away from the piano.—*Comic Cuts*.

## "INVALUABLE"

To all lovers of the "cup that cheers."

# "Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Is the real genuine delicious article, in its native purity Never sold in bulk. Fixed moderate prices—25c., 40c., 50c., 60c. Sold by the grocery trade only.

25, 40, 50 and 60c. per lb.

### New Books and Magazines.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY, by J. M. Barrie, has just been given to the world in book form, the Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, handling the Canadian edition. This story attracted a great interest as it appeared serially in *Scribner's*, and it would not be surprising if it scored a wonderful triumph now that it is published in such shape that all readers can get at it. It will be surprising to many if it does not become the book of the year. Since I read Tom Sawyer no story of boy life has so completely won me over as Mr. Barrie's latest, and as a creation Tommy is greater than Tom. When Sentimental Tommy fell into my hands I sat down to it and finished it in a day, it being one of those books that a reader must gorge upon. As I read chapter after chapter I saw the read part of the book grow thicker and fatter, and the unread portion grow thinner and leaner, and begrudged every leaf as I turned it, for the pleasure remaining became measured and constantly less. Disappointed in the end because Tommy did not win some great triumph, as such a brilliant youth undoubtedly should, yet I was elated the next moment, because if ever a book called for a sequel this one does. This is the story of Tommy's boyhood; from all around the world we must raise a cry for more of him. What did he do next, Mr. Barrie? How did he fare at the herding? Ultimately did he become great, rich and happy, as the most marvelous of actors, or as a writer of fiction or poetry, or as a politician? You are in America, Mr. Barrie; spy out the land and turn T. Sandys, Esq., loose in the United States, a country so great that one of his parts could accomplish wonders. The continent will welcome him and give him something better than herding to do—and will welcome Elsbeth and Grizel. I pin my faith to Mr. Ogilvy. There's a man who will not let Tommie stay at the herding, and I think he and the doctor (if Mr. Barrie cared to admit it) have had conversations already on that head. Don't you "see a way?" Mr. Barrie has made a hit, and a great one. In this book he has not dropped below his level, but has perhaps risen above it again. He does not pump himself dry as some other authors are apparently doing, but writes leisurely and treats his genius fairly. Sentimental Tommy is a book that no one can afford to miss.

The announcement is made that Mr. R. E. Gosnell of Victoria, B.C., librarian of British Columbia, is preparing a British Columbia Year Book and Manual of Provincial Information, and in view of the world-wide interest in the Pacific Province the work will be eagerly looked for. Those who know something of Mr. Gosnell are aware of his qualifications to make such a book interesting and valuable. The political, historical, statistical, mineral, agricultural, timber and fishing interests will be treated of, and the laws governing mining will be included and explained. The book is timely, and is a Government venture, for should any profits accrue they will be devoted to the Provincial Library fund. Cloth \$1.50.

Worthies of Old Red River, by George Bryce, L.L.D., a life member of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, is a little booklet that has come to hand, marked Transaction

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H. CORBY, Belleville

Sole Agent for Canada.



No. 48, along with the annual report of the Society for 1895. This little work by Dr. Bryce is a neat contribution to the literature of the Red River country.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has a new novel ready for the press. It will be entitled *The Pomp of the Laviettes*.

Well—The fruit you sent me the other day was green. Bjonas—That's strange. I sent it by a messenger boy.—*Philadelphia Record*.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP PICTURES ... FOR ... WRAPPERS

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## QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item or any subject will be published. Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

### QUEER CASE AT TORONTO JUNCTION.

A little error which was not recorded in the score books happened during a baseball game at Toronto Junction. The ball had left the pitcher's hand when an unlucky sparrow flew across the course taken by the ball. The sphere struck the bird fairly and continued on its course, taking the lifeless body along. The batsman seeing two objects careering across the plate, struck at the lowest. His eye was true and the bat encountered the sparrow. The body was propelled straight into the hands of the shortstop, who caught it, now a bloody mass, but dropped it. That was not all. The catcher caught the ball, and as there were two strikes before recorded on the man at bat, called for judgment to the umpire, who was looking perplexedly now at the shortstop, again at the catcher, and finally at the batsman. The man at bat was standing in amazement wondering what he had struck, seeing the ball in the hands of the catcher. Now here was a quandary. The batsman clearly had three strikes. He also had made a hit, but could not be judged caught out because the instant the wet body reached the shortstop's hand he had dropped it. Not a clause in the whole rule book could be stretched to include the present circumstances.

### OLDEST METHODIST PREACHER IN THE WORLD.

The Rev. William Browning, of Lauceston, Cornwall, England, and father of Rev. Arthur Browning of Toronto, well known in the Midland districts, on the seventh of the month entered on his one hundredth year. He has preached regularly almost up to date, being the oldest Methodist preacher in the world.

### FIFTY-SIX YEARS IN THE MINISTRY.

Rev. William Ames of Woodstock, Ont., although probably not among the very oldest clergymen in the country in point of years (he will be 76 on December 8, 1896), must be well up to the front in years of actual service, he having been ordained about 1840. A correspondent sends us an extract from a letter written about ten days ago by Rev. Mr. Ames, and it shows that he is yet doing active work:

"A week ago last Sabbath I was on old historic ground. At Cayuga, the county town of Hamilton, I laid the foundation of Methodist fifty-two years ago by preaching the first Methodist sermon in a school-house about twelve feet square. One or two who remembered the school-house asked me if I could stand straight up in it. Now we have a first-class church and parsonage. There are capital school-houses, Collegiate Institute, etc. I preached three missionary sermons. Without feeling particularly tired. Next Sabbath I expect to preach anniversary sermons at Newkirk about thirty miles from here, and the following Sabbath to conduct quarterly meeting at Woodbury, a place about the same distance in another direction."

Last year Rev. William Ames visited his son, Fred H. Ames, M.D., in Denver, Colorado, making the journey alone without mishap.

### HIGHEST ROPE IN THE WORLD.

The biggest rope in the world for hauling purposes has been made for a subway in Glasgow. It is seven miles long, four and a half inches in circumference and weighs nearly sixty tons. It has been made in one unjoined and unspliced length of steel. When in place it will form a complete circle around Glasgow and will run at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

### OLDEST RESIDENT OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa's oldest resident is dead. Her name was O'Meara and her age one hundred and eleven years. Born in Ireland, she married at twenty, buried her husband forty-seven years ago, and now leaves fifty-four grand-children, three hundred great-grand-children and four great-great-grand-children.

### TORONTO BOXES AND FRANCHISES.

The Toronto Trades and Labor Council opened a most interesting subject when it obtained the following information from the City Treasurer's Department:

The amounts granted by the City of Toronto in the way of bonuses to railways—Northern (1852), \$240,000; Grand Trunk (1855), \$225,000; Toronto, Grey and Bruce, \$337,997.39; Toronto and Nipissing, \$164,582.10; Northern Muskoka Junction (1870), \$111,112; Credit Valley (1873 and 1877), \$349,963.31; total, \$1,488,717.81. Franchises are held by the Bell Telephone Company, which has paid to the city 1 per cent. on gross earnings; Toronto Incandescent Light Company, Toronto Electric Light Company and Street Railway Company, the latter paying to the city 8 per cent. on receipts up to \$1,000,000, and 10 per cent. on receipts above that amount, and \$800 per mile of single track as a mileage rental. Exemptions from taxation are allowed to the American Italian Company, Borden Canning Factory, McNeill Rolling Mills Company, Kemp Brothers Kneeling Works, Cold Storage Company, and McIntosh & Son, grain-cleaning process. A committee of the Trades Council was appointed to see whether these companies were living up to their agreements.

### THE OLDEST VOTER.

The oldest man who voted in the recent Dominion elections was probably Mr. Henry O'Brien of Alice Township, near Pembroke, who was 100 years of age. He walked to the polls unaided on voting day. He died ten days ago.

### SOMETHING ABOUT BUTTONS.

The people of the Dominion of Canada unbutton just about fifty million buttons every night when they go to bed, and next morning rebutton the same number when they dress for the day. We figure this out by assuming that each person has at least eight or ten buttons on his or her clothes, which is a moderate estimate. Think of fifty million buttons! Once buttons were unknown. In the fourteenth century they were used as ornaments, but no one thought of button-holes. Two hundred years ago there were not as many buttons in the world as you could now find on the children in one Toronto public school. It was not until 1745 that buttons were made in any quantity in a factory started in Birmingham, and steel ones were made with such a finish that they brought prices as high as \$5 each or \$700 a gross. Once the thing got started it spread rapidly and in 1781 paper buttons were made.

### THAT SEAFORTH EGG.

It turns out that the egg referred to in this column a few weeks ago as having been found in Glasgow, with a request from James Thornton, Seaforth, Ont., that any nice young lady who saw the egg should write to him with a

view to matrimony, was really bought among others at Delhi, Ont., by James Thornton, a buyer for Mr. Walter Hardwicke of Brantford, wholesale egg exporter. Thornton wrote a message on the egg and showed it to Mr. Hardwicke. Mr. Adam Spence of Brantford was in Scotland this summer and saw an item about the egg in the Glasgow Evening Times, clipped it out and brought it home. He was surprised to find that one of his townsmen knew all about that identical egg. Gray Bros. & Co., of Meaford, Ont., sold some eggs several weeks ago and an employee, James Edwards, wrote on one of them a request that the one into whose hands it fell should write to him. The other day Edwards got a letter dated October 3, from Thomas Beattie, Glasgow, Scotland, saying he had received the egg. It seems lots of things are written on eggs, and that lots of Canadian eggs go to Glasgow, Scotland.

### WILL WE BE CONSIDERED BARRIARANS?

CORPORAL QUEER.—Reflect a little over this question: Suppose Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Steele, Pope, Dryden and a host of other writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had written their works in dialect, would their works have been classical? Suppose our great-grandfathers in the year of 2000 are great scholars, will they look on James Whitcomb Riley, Caleb Jinkins, Frank Stanton and other idols of this decade as literary dials gods, or will they pronounce this age as one of rude barbarism? Toronto, Oct. 28. JACK PLANE.

### THE FOUNDING OF PETERBORO, ONT.

The other day as Town Clerk Armstrong of Peterboro' was looking through the town "archives" he came across a document to which, as a relic, considerable value would doubtless be attached by a collector of curios. Here it is:

YORK, 8th Oct., 1828.  
Received from Messrs. Hall & Lee of New York, eight hundred and thirty-three pounds, six shillings and eightpence, currency, being the first instalment of the purchase money for the Government mills at Peterborough, sold to them the 10th of September last for five thousand five hundred pounds currency.

P. ROBINSON.  
It seems that in 1820 Sir Peregrine Maitland, then Governor of Upper Canada, came to Peterborough, or Scott's Plains, as it was then known, and was waited on by a deputation which represented the straits to which the colony was reduced on account of there being no mill in the district. The Governor promised speedy relief, and in the spring a dam was built across the river, and during the following summer the grist and flour mill was erected. On its completion the mill was sold to Messrs. John Hall and Moore Lee by the Government, and the receipt, as will be seen, is given for the first payment. It is signed by P. Robinson, being Hon. Peter Robinson, brother of Sir John Beverley Robinson, at one time Chief Justice of Upper Canada. In recognition of Hon. Peter Robinson's services the village at Scott's Plains was named after him—Peterborough.

### AN OLD MORTGAGE.

The Owen Sound Times says: In the window of our office this week there is on exhibition an ancient document—a mortgage, made in April, 1800—just a couple of months before the Battle of the Boyne. The document is written in the old engrossing hand on sheepskin, and is in excellent preservation. It has attracted much attention.

### WHAT BECAME OF METHUSELAH?

Dr. Halsey L. Wood of New York wants to know where Methuselah was during the deluge, claiming that if he lived to be 969 years of age he must have been alive during at least part of the time covered by the deluge. If it turns out that the old gentleman was "drowned in the flood" it will open speculation as to the age he might have attained had he not been summarily cut off. Dr. Wood says: "This distinguished patriarch seems to have been forgotten at that time, for no mention is made of him as one of the chosen few to enter the Ark; and on the other hand, we are told that 'every living creature perished without the Ark, and every man.' Now, Methuselah lived 'nine hundred and sixty and nine years,' and since he had fully ten months of life left to him at the beginning of the Flood, he could have completed his grand total of years no less than inside the Ark. At Noah's birth, Methuselah had full six hundred years to live. 'In the six hundredth year of Noah's life,' 'the windows of heaven were opened,' and in the self-same day and night, and at the same time, Noah, and his sons, and his sons' wives and the three wives of his sons with them into the Ark. Noah was therefore five hundred and ninety-nine years old when the Flood began. Methuselah had still ten months to live, ere his 969th year was complete. Where was he? The dwellers in the Ark did not issue from it for a year and ten days after their entrance. Methuselah must have therefore died, during the interval, and presumably he was buried; but, strange to say, nothing is said of this singular circumstance."

### SOME QUEER POINTS.

The British aristocracy includes 14,000 persons.

The deepest running stream in the world is said to be the Niagara River, just under the Suspension bridge.

Thirty years ago there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over 1,000.

Lenenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales sent a special order to Quebec for six cases of Canadian apples, and they were shipped on the steamer Canada.

On a bet two citizens of Beeton, Ont., the other day ate a goose and two ducks in exactly thirty minutes, and claimed they could have eaten several more.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in Lancashire. It is sixteen miles long, and underground from end to end.

The largest churches in Europe will contain the following numbers: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

### Points About Noted People.

The appointment of the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., to the Archbishopric of Canterbury makes six primates who have held office since Queen Victoria ascended the throne. When she took the throne Archbishop Howley occupied the See, and afterwards followed Sumner, Longley, Tait, and the late Archbishop Benson. Dean Vaughan is the only living Churchman who has refused the Primacy. When Archbishop Tait died it was offered him, but he declined. The late Dean Church of St. Paul's also had the Primacy offered him, but refused it.

Both Lord and Lady Russell of Killowen are indignant at the story which is being circulated

in America that their daughter, Miss Russell, is engaged to the American millionaire and politician, Mr. Bourke Cochran. They give the story a flat contradiction. This is not quite as absurd a yarn, though somewhat in the same line, as the story mentioned last week, that Princess Victoria of Wales was to marry Mr. William Waldorf Astor.

The funeral of Lady Elizabeth Clough-Taylor, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, at Rosneath, confirms the report published a few years ago that the Argyll burial-place was to be changed from Kilman, on the Holy Loch, to the dual estate on Garelochside. The old burial vault at Kilman, now apparently closed forever, has been the last resting-place of the Argyll family since 1453, when the Knight of Lochaw was buried there in a church founded by himself. Among the chiefs whose bones repose in the Kilman vault may be mentioned that singularly unhappy nobleman, Archibald, the first Marquis of Argyll, executed at Edinburgh in 1661. An interval of three years elapsed between the burial of the body and the head, which during that time was displayed on the Tolbooth wall of Edinburgh.

### In Case of Fire.

Your house takes fire. What burns first? The lightest and most inflammable stuff, of course—furniture, doors, shelves, floors, paneling, and other woodwork. If it is a stone or brick house the walls will probably remain standing—a melancholy sight. Were not this a principle of universal application Mr. Meddings would never have compared himself to a skeleton, as he does in the letter to which your attention is now invited. "In the autumn of 1891," he says, "I fell into a low, weak state of health. My ordinary energy appeared to have gone out of me. I always felt tired and languid, and couldn't account for it. Nothing seemed to rest me. I was as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my appetite was poor, and after meals I had a pain at my chest and left side."

"I was in this condition until the 14th of March, 1892, and then I had to give up work. The reason was, I was too weak to work. In fact, I was so weak that it was about as much as I could do to walk across the floor. Besides this I had a dry, hacking cough; and at night I sweated so the bedclothes were wet. Sometimes during the day cold, clammy sweats would break out all over me."

"I lost flesh rapidly, until I was like a skeleton. My muscles seemed to be shrunken and withered. There was no feeling of warmth in me; it was as though my blood had gone cold and thin. I was too feeble and helpless to wash or dress myself, and people said I was wasting away, as though they expected to see the end of it presently."

"I consulted two doctors and they gave me medicine, but it did me no good. One day my aunt, Mrs. Benton of Francis-street, Walsall, called, and in the course of talk she said that the medicine that did her good when she was ill was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Although it didn't look reasonable to believe that it could cure a case as bad as mine, nevertheless my wife got me a bottle from Mr. Grove, the chemist in Park-street, and I commenced taking it. In a few days I found myself much better; my appetite was better, and I had gained a little strength."

"To make the story short, I kept on taking the Syrup and continued to get better. As soon as I could digest my food the night sweats and the cough abated, and in a few weeks I was able to go back to my work. That is two years ago, and since then I have been in good health, for which I have to thank Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) Arthur Thomas Meddings, 115 Farringdon-street, Walsall, March 6, 1894."

In a fire, as we said, it is the light, inflammable stuff that burns first. That's why Mr. Meddings got to be so ghastly thin. The flesh or fat is the fuel of the body. In health it keeps up the warmth and furnishes the power. And to keep up the fuel we must eat."

Now, disease is a conflagration; it tries to burn the house up, and often does it. And it always burns the flesh up, more or less of it. The fat goes first, the muscles, etc., afterwards. That's the way of it. About that time the *tenants move out*.

Our friend was well on towards that point. But it wasn't lung disease that ailed him, albeit he had the cough and the sweats. They go also with indigestion and dyspepsia—his real and only malady. He got feeble and thin because his disease wouldn't allow the stomach to digest food. Hence he consumed all the flesh he had stored up, and then (luckily for him) he began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which set his stomach and liver right, and gave his vitals a chance to feed him.

All the same, it is dangerous to let a fire get headway. When it is in your body quench the first spark with Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

### At the Woman's Club.

An amusing account of a visit to a ladies' club in London is afforded by L. F. Austin in the *Sketch*. He says he was wandering along Piccadilly when he met Olivia, a New Journalist, gazing in the window of a print-shop, and she invited him to lunch at her club. It is needless to say that he accepted. In the hall she stopped to read some club notices. "Members are cautioned," ran one of them, "against leaving handkerchiefs, hand-bags, and other articles lying around the rooms. These make needless trouble for the servants. A hair-pin, believed to be the property of No. 254, has been given in charge of the hall-porter." This proved to be Olivia's property, and she explained that the proprietor of the club, having ideas of social equality, had substituted numbers for names because the latter might have associations that would gratify unseemly pride. No. 254 was a poor journalist, while No. 253 lived in Belgrade square and was heiress to millions.

At luncheon it appeared that the wine-list had been eliminated. Some observing club-

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woman had informed the governors that "the wine in a man's club is so strong that the unfortunate servants who draw the corks are often overpowered by the fumes of alcohol," and a whole cellarful of the choicest vintages had been sent away next morning. However, Mr. Austin ventured to suggest to his hostess that he would like to celebrate the occasion with a little glass of brandy.

His hostess thereupon summoned a solemn young woman in a pinafore and cap, who presently disappeared behind a screen, whence she was heard to say: "No. 254's guest wants brandy."

"Is he ill?" demanded a cold, stern voice. "No."

"Then what does he want brandy for?" "He says he likes it."

"Tell him," said the voice, "that brandy is not served except to members or guests in a dead faint."

Olivia suggested the advisability of Mr. Austin's swooning, but he was not sufficiently sure of this strangely managed club's vintages to go that length.

"That fellow is always running actors down." "A dramatic critic?" "No, an engineer on a freight train."—*Town Topics*.

New boarder—How are the meals? Old boarder—No meals. She furnishes a sort of quick lunch three times a day.—*Puck*.

Soberides—I had an uncle who knew a week before the exact day and hour he was to die. Wagstaff—Who told him? The sheriff?—*Titt-Bits*.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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**The Drama**

THE faculty of imitation, when highly developed, is probably the most valuable intellectual asset that he who aspires to a prominent place among his fellows can possess. To appear to be what one is not, to hide the essence of unreality under an almost impenetrable disguise of truth, has been found a most profitable accomplishment in law, society, politics, and—I grieve to say it—in religion. Most of us are trying to be what we are not, and doubtless consider we have made and are making a success of it; so that when we meet someone who can beat us at our own game it is difficult to avoid expressing our admiration. I suppose, therefore, that if Mr. Chevalier was at this present moment a genuine "coster," whom we are accustomed to see daily engaged in the peripatetic vending of vegetables and garden truck, assisted by a "barter" and a "moke," our wonder at, and interest in, his admirable performances would largely disappear. But seeing that he is instead a thoroughly cultivated little chap, with any amount of *bonhomie* and a fund of capital stories, in addition to dramatic ability of a high order, it is no wonder that he has made himself a great favorite in Toronto, both on the stage and off it. I was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of joining his party at Cobourg on their way to this city last Sunday night, and I found Mr. Chevalier a most delightful traveling companion. He is clever, well informed, a thorough man of to-day, and has so far failed to acquire any trace of that intense egotistical disagreeableness which is the usual concomitant of fame.

The entertainment given by Mr. Chevalier and his company will stand criticism from a purely artistic point of view, but it ought not to be subjected to it. It was English—characteristically English—in manner and diction. Racy of the soil, it brought up long buried memories of London music halls, and yet it was not a music hall show. It is not paradoxical to say that it unites the opposing attractiveness of familiarity and novelty; and there were many in the audience to whom came back sights and sounds forever linked with the remembrance of the land which most of us, with sweet preference, still call home, and I can well fancy that in many cases the well known mannerisms of the "coster" awoke emotions not unlike those that were born in the hearts of the weary captives when the strange, fierce strains of Highland music swept over the ramparts of beleaguered Lucknow. But be that as it may, the fact remains that Mr. Chevalier has emphatically "caught on" in Toronto, as he has at every other point in his cis-Atlantic tour. On Monday night the audience was enthusiastic and encored flendishly; but if the practice ever can be pardoned, I think some exception might well be made in favor of the audiences that have greeted Mr. Chevalier's company during the present engagement.

The other members of the company are excellent in their respective specialties. Mr. Bertram is a conjurer of ability and makes no mistakes; or, if he ever does, he has ready wit and tact enough to prevent the audience ever finding it out, and on the stage, as in many other places, an abundance of cold, calm nerve has been often found to be a perfectly satisfactory substitute for immaculateness. Mr. Harry Atkinson made a decided hit, and although Mr. Chevalier was next on the programme, the audience was very loath to allow him to retire. Taken throughout, the entertainment is thoroughly first-class and crowds of well pleased people have filled the Grand Opera House at each appearance.

Melodrama has but two characters—one excessively good and the other excessively bad. Other parts are introduced, but these are of minor importance and only inserted to detract the attention from the incessantly wearying goodness of the hero and the equally unvarying badness of the villain. The hero, so far from being attractive or inspiring admiration for his blatant excellence, is usually just the sort of person one would not care to have much to do with in real life. He is griggish and wrong-headed; he lets the villain get him into scrapes that no sensible man with his eyes open would ever dream of getting into; he is apt to be soliloquizing about his mother when he ought to be punching somebody's head, and is always a walking advertisement to the effect that to be melodramatically good is to be thoroughly persecuted and uncomfortable. This may be a correct view, but I doubt very much if a high moral lesson is conveyed by the representation that such extreme goodness should be so excessively unremunerative. The

villain, on the other hand, is usually a gentleman of engaging manners and pleasing address. He is well educated, well dressed, and usually wealthy, which three serious drawbacks to morality have united to make him an utterly detestable personage who has sworn unvarying allegiance to Error. He does wrong with admirable finesse, goes out of his way to do it, and even does so at times—for there are such times—when it is much handier and easier to do right; wherein he must be held to be at least conscientious, for a man who goes out of his way and puts himself to great inconvenience to do that which he thinks he ought to do, is, so far as devotion to duty is concerned, but one degree removed from the early Christian martyrs. Why conscientious devotion to ideals should be considered so praiseworthy, when canonization or the stake, according to the views of the majority, are equally its reward, is one of the conundrums of history; still, so long as our standards of right and wrong are fixed for us by a majority vote of our fellow creatures, so long will it be found inconvenient, not to say disastrous, to take sides with the minority.

Miss Marguerite Dunn, Miss Ida McLean and Mr. Smedley will take part in the picture song recital of Mr. Fred J. Perrin in West Association Hall on November 3. An interesting programme has been arranged.

Apart from the interest attaching to the personality of the hero, A Naval Cadet, in which Mr. Corbett is appearing this week at the Toronto Opera House, is not materially different from others of its class, except that Mr. Corbett imparts to the usually sickly role of hero something of dash and manliness that is thoroughly in keeping with one's preconceived ideas of him. He is, in fact, the only interesting character, and if the play—and the players—are intended simply as a background on which to exhibit Mr. Corbett, the desired purpose is fully attained, for the other characters are unimportant and not particularly attractive, so that in considering the play we have only to deal with him.

I am free to confess that I went to the matinee last Tuesday strongly prejudiced against Corbett as an actor. The dramatic profession is one which, more than all others, has been regarded as demanding on the part of its devotees years of hard work and close application before the coveted position of a "star" is attained; and there is a strong and perfectly legitimate feeling against those who, having attained pre-eminence in other walks of life, use their success as a lever to rise above the heads of those who are fighting their way upward in the profession by the only means that we can admit are likely to lead to success in anything, namely, perseverance and hard work. No man should be allowed to enter the race in the last lap and win; and yet, though it is true that no man ought to consider himself an actor because he is good at something else than acting, it does not necessarily follow—and Mr. Corbett is a case in point—that a man who has been successful in some other line may not be able to display considerable ability on the stage. To give the devil his due, Mr. Vincent, the author of A Naval Cadet, must be congratulated on the fact that out of the incongruous jumble of impossibilities out of which he constructed the other characters, he has rescued a part for Mr. Corbett that is admirably suited to him and in which he appears to be thoroughly at home. In his portrayal of the character of Ned Cornell he evidenced considerable dramatic ability, and entered into the spirit of the part with refreshing boldness and vigor. But woe betide A Naval Cadet if any less interesting personality than Mr. Corbett ever assumes the leading role.

The house was crowded to the doors with an audience that gave the hero a hearty ovation and especially applauded him in those specialties that gave him a chance to show his prowess with the gloves. He boxed three rounds with Mr. McVey, who took the part of Shad Sanders, a New York tough, which, if short, were at least lively and vigorous, and the scuffle between them in the last act was more genuinely realistic than is generally seen on the stage. The part of Dolly Eaton was taken by Miss Millie James, who, with the assistance of a *petite* figure and a pretty face, made the most of it; she is described as a prairie flower, but I doubt if she ever bloomed west of the Bowery. The villain is Felipe Bonivari, who has a plurality of wives—which is bad—and a French accent, which is much worse. He is such an outrageously villainous villain, and so evidently predestined to come to grief, that one waits feverishly for his final extinction. He lasts till the last act, however, and is then satisfactorily shot by someone just as the curtain falls. I think the audience would have applauded this incident with greater enthusiasm had it taken place earlier. But the many defects of the play are largely atoned for by Mr. Corbett, whose work, considered from any point of view, must be deemed in every respect satisfactory, and Manager Small's cosy theater has been crowded at every performance. QUIS.

The Shakespearean recital by Mr. George B. Williams of New York, in Association Hall, under the auspices of Varsity Y.M.C.A., Wednesday evening of last week, proved a great treat to those who were fortunate enough to be present. I say this because, while the attendance was fair, there was no such crowd as the merits of the entertainment deserved. Mr. Williams has unusual gifts, and now that he is known he should draw a big house another time. He impersonated the various characters in the first three acts of Henry IV., and closed with W. D. Howells' amusing farce, The Sleeping Car.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, whose name has become very well known in Toronto as an elocutionist, gave an evening of dramatic readings in Association Hall on October 23, and was greeted with a full house. Her selections represented quite a wide range of ability, and Miss Ramsay's friends must have noticed the evident improvement in her style since her last public appearance. Of one thing Miss Ramsay seems careful, and that is that she shall not overstep in vigor the requirements of her lines; the whole of them are spoken rather quietly, yet effectively. The monologue, An April

## Our Sportfolio.

No. II.



A. C. Caldwell of Varsity.



W. A. Jacquith of Queen's.

## Two University Champions.

Mr. Caldwell's records in the Varsity Sports:  
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220 yards (1st). Time, 23 2/5 sec.  
Hurdle race (1st). Time, 20 sec.  
Throwing 16-lb hammer (1st). 96 ft. 5 in.  
Putting shot (2nd). 36 ft. 3 in.  
Pole vault (2nd). 8 ft. 1 in.

Mr. Jacquith's records at the Queen's Sports:  
220 yards (1st). Time, 24 sec.  
Standing jump (2nd). 9 ft. 8 in.  
Hurdle race (1st). Time, 16 4/5 sec.  
High jump (1st). 5 ft. 5 in.  
100 yards (1st). Time, 10 3/5 sec.  
Running jump (1st). 18 ft. 5 in.  
Quarter-mile run (1st). Time, 58 sec.  
Pole vault (3rd). 8 ft. 10 in.  
Hop, step and jump (2nd). 40 ft.

Shower, was a delightful piece of comedy and was not overdone. In the scene from Shakespeare's As You Like It, it is probably true that her best work was done, and it is also probably true that the piece was the most exacting. Miss Ramsay's tall, graceful figure lends her ideal assistance in her vocalization of the noble words of the great dramatist. A scene from The Hunchback was given in capital style and revealed, with the selections above referred to, Miss Ramsay's excellence in dialogue. Such pieces give freer scope to the quality of her mind, and a certain piquant humor which she displayed without the effect of weakening her character. Several recalls were cleverly responded to. The musical portion of the programme was provided by Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. George Smedley and the Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club, and their selections were warmly applauded. Miss Ramsay is to be congratulated upon her successful evening.

The Texas Steer, which comes to the Grand for the first half of next week, is revived because it is so clever a satire on American politics. It is considered Hoyt's best.

Human Hearts, a drama of life in the hills of Arkansas, will be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week. Hal Reid, author of the piece, will play the leading role himself.

## SPORTING COMMENT

The present standing of the teams in the Ontario Rugby Union are as follows after last Saturday's games:

Senior Series—Second Round.	
Varsity.....	18
Queen's.....	16
R. M. C.....	13
T. A. C.....	8
Intermediate Series—Second Round.	
London.....	14
St. Catharines.....	10
Varsity II.....	10
Lornes.....	14
Brookville.....	19
Kingston II.....	12
Junior Series—Second Round.	
Hamilton II.....	32
Petrols.....	3
Trinity II defaulted to Varsity III. Granites of Kingston had the bye.	

The most important and the keenest game of the season so far was the Varsity-Queen's match of last Saturday. For the first time in the history of these rival colleges a visiting Rugby team returned home victorious. But it was a close thing, 18-16. The excitement of the spectators was phenomenal, and it is safe to predict that if the weather is not outrageous to-day there will be a record-breaking crowd on Varsity campus to see the return match. I did not go to Kingston and so cannot add anything to what has already been said about the game.

So little was expected of R. M. C. in its contest with T. A. C. last Saturday, that very few turned out to see the game. Trinity had beaten the Cadets 9-2 with a team organized the day before the game and disbanded the day after, and T. A. C. had vanquished the formidable Tigers of Hamilton in two games running. It was not expected that the Cadets would put in an appearance at all, so hopeless seemed their prospects, and if, as the story goes, Manager Barker of T. A. C. wrote suggesting that the Cadets should default, no one, at this end of the line at least, would have considered the suggestion out of place. But the Cadets came, saw and conquered, and the guffaw is on Manager Barker and his men. Pretty as was the play and shrewd the generalship of the Cadets last Saturday, the Athletic Club should not have much difficulty in overcoming the lead of five points in the game at Kingston to-day.

Varsity II. made such good use of the first half last Saturday when playing with a gale of wind in their favor, that the Lornes were not quite able, when their positions were reversed, to make up the lead, although coming within two points of it. The hurricane carried the

ball long distances when it was punted south, and sometimes when punted north the wind would carry it back over the head of the man who thought he had given it a mighty boost. Real good play was therefore out of the question, although at times some brilliant work was shown. There is always a small sensation when it is discovered by the spectators that Lorne Cosby is left-footed—that he kicks with his left foot instead of his right. On Saturday I heard an animated discussion in regard to this, the man with the pipe contending that all left-handed people kick with the left foot, and the man with the full beard indignantly disputing this and saying that he had seen lots of left-handed people but he had never seen a left-footed one before. Then he looked at Cosby with deep interest.

"The referee's decision shall be final," So runs the rule. The referee gave Varsity II. a free kick, when Sanderson, catching the ball behind the goal, made a mark, then tried to rouge, but was prevented by McMurich of the Lornes. This should have counted two points to the Lornes and would have won them the game, but somehow the referee awarded Varsity II. a free kick and the game went with the decision. The referee is one of the fairest of sportsmen and if he erred it is admitted by all concerned that it was done inadvertently. The Lornes protested the decision and the point was argued Wednesday evening, resulting in favor of the Lornes.

On a bleak day there is not much accommodation for players or public on the Lornes' ground, but as this healthy organization grows we may expect to see a club-house erected. One little thing occurred at the game which might have taken a more graceful shape. A man went up and down before the crowd ordering them not to overstep some imaginary line about twelve feet from touch—although the ball was in scrimmage quite on the opposite side of the field—and crying, "Now keep back or we'll have you put right off the ground. Keep back, I tell you. Here, boy, go up and send that policeman here. Get back, or we'll have you put right off the ground." As the crowd had just paid to get upon the grounds, as they were not trespassing over any rope, mark on the grass or anything else that could be seen or imagined, the tone of this person was unfortunate. Someone with more pleasing address should undertake the task of crowd-controller next time, if a rope cannot be had or a streak of whitening made on the grass to designate holy ground.

Varsity III. have been practicing hard all week for their game with Kingston Granites; this will likely be the hardest junior game of the season. Both teams are composed of big, strong players, most of whom are good enough to play "Intermediate" any day.

Queen's took their defeat very ungraciously. Kennedy is not hurt as seriously as was at first thought, his rib being only started, not broken. He may be able to play again this year. Norris will not be on Varsity's team to-day, as Courtenay Kingston will be able to play. Varsity's back division is quite superior to Queen's, and they should win the game on this account.

Hamilton Juniors have a bye to-day and play the winners of the Granite-Varsity III. match next Saturday for the junior championship.

It now looks as if the game for the Ontario senior championship would be played between T. A. C. and Varsity, and the Dominion championship between Ottawa College and Varsity. From the present showing of the intermediate teams, Brookville looks to have as good a show of winning the championship as any other team.

Again Georgetown has won the C. L. A. intermediate championship by defeating Warton at Stratford last Saturday. It was a very rough game and a cold day, and the contest should have come off three weeks earlier. By October 24 lacrosse players have lost form. To

say that it is as fair for one as another won't do, for it is not fair to anybody.

It is sad to think that Hallowe'en and the final Queen's Varsity struggle should fall upon the same day. If Varsity loses, the boys will ease their feelings in some remarkable way, and if Varsity wins it will be even worse.

The Athletic champions of Varsity and Queen's Universities, whose portraits are given this week, are amateurs of whom the colleges may be proud. That men who were only fairly well trained should turn in on a cold day, compete in a long series of events and make such good marks as were made by Messrs. Caldwell and Jacquith, proves them to be all-round athletes of merit. It would be interesting, as I said last week, if the champions of the different universities could come together to compete in a series of events. Mr. Caldwell has received considerable newspaper attention since his fine performance at the Varsity games, but Mr. Jacquith is not so well known. He stands 5 ft. 11 inches in height, weighs 150 lbs., and is 22 years of age. He entered Queen's in October, '94, for the study of medicine, has ranked well in his examinations and is a popular fellow in and out of college. Last year and the year previous he stood in second place in the Queen's games without any training whatever, and this year he only trained for a few days. The Queen's track is a poor one, little better than Varsity's, which isn't a track at all, but a course laid out on the grass. To enter in nine events and to win six firsts, two seconds and one third, against a constantly changing and ever fresh lot of opponents, is a notable achievement and beats anything in the history of Queen's. Mr. Jacquith is a native of Sydenham, not far from Kingston. THE UMPIRE.

## To an Old Pipe.

For Saturday Night.



Old friend of night's musing,  
Excuse my perusing.  
But really you're too strong to smoke.  
You're crusted and thickened,  
So much that I've sickened  
Of breathing your fumes till I choke.

When first time I met you,  
I'll never forget you:  
Tied up with ribbon of blue,  
I kissed when I found you  
The note wrapped around you  
By daintiest hand that I knew.

Our friendship then started.  
Before we had parted,  
I blew the first thoughts in a curl.  
They were of your donor,  
And not of your owner;  
And you colored just like a girl.

In gown I sat thinking  
(And possibly drinking)  
Till dreaming I'd surely propose:  
You spoiled a fair vision,  
And wrecked a decision,  
By scornfully burning my nose.

Another occasion,  
In deep adoration,  
I'd really have published my love,  
If you hadn't spoken,  
When kissing her token,  
"What a fuss about an old glove."

For you threw in my eye  
A small cinder so spy,  
That such thoughts were lost with the smart.  
Again your confusion,  
Broke up my delusion,  
And stifled the words of my heart.

By meddling you staid me,  
And actually made me  
Defer my resolve till too late,  
And urged me to use you,  
In fact to abuse you,  
And sit long and late by the grate.

Without struggle or strife,  
We have lived minus wife;  
And jealously you've held me fast.  
It seems to be fateful,  
I'll not prove ungrateful,  
But smoke you as long as you last.

WALTER LITTLE PYLE.

## We Can Do With So Little.

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so good-day!  
A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so good-night!  
A little fun to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so good-morrow!  
A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so good-by.

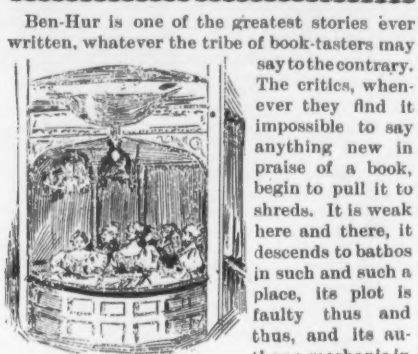
GEORGE DU MACHIER.

## Jacob's Pillow.

Lo! on the plains of Bethel lay  
An outworn lad, unshod, alone,  
His couch the tawny mother clay,  
His pillow that storm-battered stone.  
The hollow winds howled down the starlit plain  
All white and wide with highborn wintry rain.  
Yet here God's ladder was let down,  
Yea, only here for eye and ear!  
Not in the high-walled, splendid town,  
Not to the throned King feasting high,  
But far beneath the storied Syrian stars  
God's ladder fell from out the golden bars.  
And ever thus, Take hearts! to some  
The hand of fortune pours her horn  
Of plenty, smiling where they come;  
And some to wit and some to wealth are born,  
And some are born to pomp and splendid ease;  
But lo! God's shining ladder leans to none of these.  
JOAQUIN MILLER.



## Ben-Hur in Pantomime.



A Box of Ben-Hur.

Ben-Hur is one of the greatest stories ever written, whatever the tribe of book-tasters may say to the contrary. The critics, whenever they find it impossible to say anything new in praise of a book, begin to pull it to shreds. It is weak here and there, it descends to bathos in such and such a place, its plot is faulty thus and thus, and its author a mechanic in letters. To disagree with the masses in regard to a book, or an author, or a painting, or a creation in music, makes one an authority in Art. The one who, by intuition, can disagree with public opinion before it expresses itself, is a great master in Art, becomes a leader, and is listened to as one inspired. It is simple, this secret of greatness, for all one need do is to praise what he detests and condemn what he admires, and lo! he is famous in no time as one in whom the passion of Art burns with a holy fire. But it is all false, for he has no Art, and Nature and naturalness have gone from him, and he has no passion of heart or receptivity of mind. He chills himself at a deserted hearth and a grate strewn with gray ashes. He is really a pervert and to be pitied. No man, if in health, can have the story of Ben-Hur in his mind without admitting that it is a great one. Once read, its people inhabit the mind ever after. This is the test of a book.

Yet Ben-Hur presented in pantomime so long



Meeting of the Three Wise Men.

a time after the book has been in everybody's hands, makes almost an excessive demand upon the power of the book over the public. It might have been better had a more extended synopsis been put upon the programme.

The pantomime, Ben-Hur, at the Princess this week, is put on by local talent and the proceeds go to the benefit of Grace Hospital. I do not intend to describe it at all, but it may be worth while to consider it in comparison with professional theatrical shows that come here as a matter of business. In one case we have more or less high-priced performers who make play-acting their occupation; in the other case, we have local people who merely go on the stage to amuse themselves and to raise funds for a hospital.

After several years of theater-going I am prepared to say that no professional company within my recollection ever put on a Toronto stage such a fine collection of young ladies, school-maids and children as may be seen at the Princess this week in Ben-Hur.

The girls—let me call them all girls for short—are not only pleasing to the eye, but they have a modesty all too seldom found upon the stage. Some choruses may have looked prettier to the superficial eye, but the professional chorus is made too often of pads and paste and paint; it is a sham and, like any other hollow pretense, fails to convince. The girls in Ben-Hur are of sterling quality. If they look young and pretty it is because they are young and pretty, and not because the make-up artist designed them so behind the scenes. After eying hand-painted beauties across the footlights for years it is refreshing to see some of our own Toronto girls, with faces unvarnished and unkalmsomed, looking better in reality than professionals decorated in imitation of the ideal. What could have been more delightful than the frolic of the Arabian girls? These girls (they are in



Olive Walker.



Ben-Hur.

like a dumb man in the dark trying to shout "Fire."

Aside from this (and many will not agree with me) Ben-Hur is a treat. It is one of the best of pantomimes and is staged with singular beauty. The scenery is so thoroughly in tone with the story, the costumes are so bright, that there is altogether a fine effect produced. The statuary and the living pictures also add to the general result. Here is the cast:

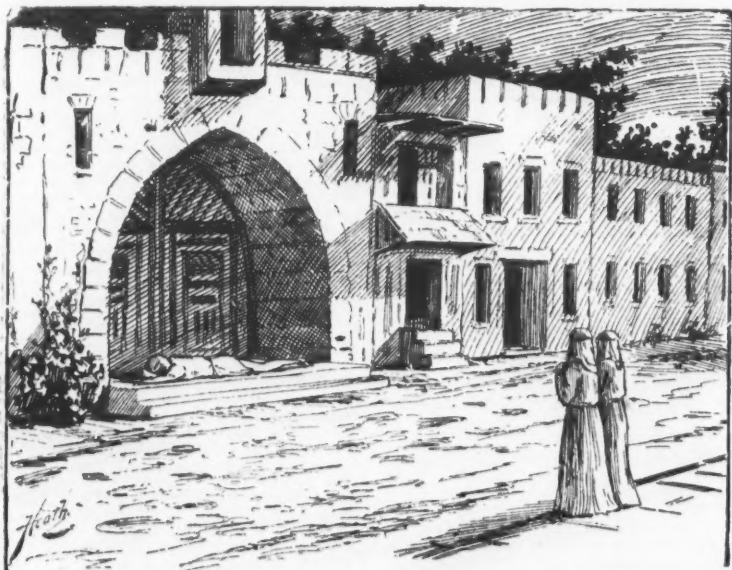
To make a really useful comparison we should have to compare Ben-Hur as presented by local talent with the same, or a similar work, produced by professional people. This cannot be done, because nothing at all similar has been produced upon the professional stage here. But I challenge anyone to visit Ben-Hur without making a mental comparison, advantageous to the local performers, along such lines as permit of comparison—faces, figures, and demeanour.

Ben-Hur, next time, will require to be given in dramatized form. Pantomime is by many considered the highest form of art, but it always seems to me that a pantomime is a drama afflicted with dumbness and an object of commiseration as truly as is a man who is similarly afflicted. Speech is a good thing. Expressiveness of countenance and of gesture are desirable, but the tongue is more expressive still. Had the race of men been ever dumb we should by now have developed a wonderful eloquence of look and gesture, but having relied upon speech we fall short and must ever do so when we attempt pathos or tragedy in dumb show. The performer means a lot but he only succeeds in expressing a little, and is fortunate if the general idea in his mind is even suspected by the onlooker at a pantomime.

Take for instance the moment when the mother and sister of Ben-Hur find him asleep in the doorway. The women have been smitten by the terrible disease of leprosy and



Herod's Bodyguard.



Ben-Hur's Mother and Sister (lepers) find him in the Doorway.

their early teens) were not only pretty to look at, but I submit that the chief charm of their performance was its manifest amateurishness and the exciting fear, which possessed each one, that she might make a mis-step. They were self-conscious and in a constant thrill. Your professional school-girls always fail of this natural effect, and it is not surprising when we know that women of forty or fifty often come on the stage as romping school-girls, like the real thing only in the length of their skirts (and often short in that) and the carefully

are dead in life. They find Ben-Hur asleep, yet they dare not caress him—they dare not even imprint a kiss upon his unconscious hand. There is a scene of the greatest power. In pantomime it touches those who know what it all means, but those who do not know the story look coldly upon the women in gray gowns, witnessing a tragedy yet seeing it not. Even those who know the story miss its full import. If this scene were presented in drama it could, and should, be one of the most moving ever put upon the stage. To me, then, pantomime is



Leader of the Priestesses of Appolo.



A Naiad.

like a dumb man in the dark trying to shout "Fire."

Aside from this (and many will not agree with me) Ben-Hur is a treat. It is one of the best of pantomimes and is staged with singular beauty. The scenery is so thoroughly in tone with the story, the costumes are so bright, that there is altogether a fine effect produced. The statuary and the living pictures also add to the general result. Here is the cast:

Ben-Hur (younger).....Mr. Harry Paterson.  
Ben-Hur (younger).....Mr. H. Lawrence Buckner.  
Messala (younger).....Mr. George B. Towers.  
Messala (younger).....Mr. Charles Hall.  
Balthazar.....Mr. George A. Carruthers.  
Melchior.....Mr. Sheldon H. Dixon.  
Gaspard.....Mr. Charles O. De Lisle.  
King Herod.....Dr. Boyes.  
Valerius Gratius.....Mr. George Orr.  
Arrius.....Mr. George Orr.  
Joseph.....Mr. Frank Daymont.  
Tabbi Samuel.....Mr. Harold Baker.  
Shiek Hiderim.....Mr. Fred V. Logan.  
Simonides.....Mr. Donald Bremner.  
Malluch.....Mr. James D. Treese.  
Sanballat.....Mr. Jack C. E. Chadwick.  
1st Guard.....Mr. Arthur Bendelari.  
2nd Guard.....Mr. Albert May.  
Ethiopian.....Mr. Fred C. Weller.  
Thord.....Mr. Edmond Gibson.  
Companion of Thord.....Mr. William F. Priyer.  
Esther.....Miss Lizzie Lampert.  
Iris.....Miss Marie Miller.  
Mother of Ben-Hur.....Miss Ethel M. Hogaboom.  
Tirzah.....Miss Edith Heward.  
Amrah.....Miss Lottie Taylor.  
Mary.....Miss Millie Lamont.  
Sylvides, Queen of the Butterflies.....Miss Olive Walker.  
Zanetta, Queen of the Arabians.....Miss Violet Towers.  
Thalia (solo).....Miss Dottie Lamont.  
Two Children of Ben-Hur.....Irene Brown and Gladys Eastwood.

The reading of The Chariot Race by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., was a fine bit of elocutionary work. An evening paper has objected to Mr. Shaw's treatment of certain passages, complaining that he made the Jew who offered wagers on the race talk like a modern Jew dealer in second-hand clothes. It may be pointed out that it was Sanballat who was crying out offers of wagers, and he was a low type of Jew, and I think that altogether Mr. Shaw was quite right in his conception of the man as the character is drawn in the book. Mr. Shaw usually devotes study to his work, and has probably done so in this case. I have never heard the Chariot Race better read.

MACK.

## Starting a Boy in Life.

"IT'S a queer thing," said Mr. Joseph Smith to the gentleman sitting beside him in a King street car, "it's a queer thing how nearly every man thinks his own business suffers more from hard times than any other business."

"Yes?" said his friend.

"They have a stupid, one-sided view of the world, I suppose, a sort of narrowness, engendered by an exclusive attention to their own affairs," continued Mr. Smith. "You find it in the most liberal, intelligent of men—men who in other respects possess the most impartial and unbiased judgment. It's one of the most unaccountable phenomena of modern times."

Mr. Smith leaned back in his seat and knitted his brows as if he were striving at a solution to the problem.

"Look here," said he at last, "I'll give you some examples. I've got a boy whom I want to put to business this fall, and I've been making enquiries among my friends and others as to the best thing to put a boy at. I had the idea of some good trade myself, so I saw Hopkins, the contractor, and asked him about trades and labor and so forth. He put on a face as long as your arm and talked himself hoarse about strikes, bad weather, hard times, starvation wages, competition of cheap labor and—and so forth. 'Why,' he says, 'an honest working-man can't make a livin' these days. Don't you put a boy with any sort of a head on him to a trade.' Then I met a wholesale man on Front street. He assured me that the way things were going now he couldn't see just what the end would be. He expected for his own part to be obliged to assign or sell out and go into something else almost any moment. 'Catch me putting a son of mine in the wholesale trade,' said he. Then I interviewed Mr. Jennings, a newspaper man. He says, 'It's your own business of course, but I wouldn't. Take my advice, don't do it; don't make a journalist of him.' The boy has some little knack at drawing, and I met an artist friend of mine and asked him how things were in his line. 'Art be d—d,' roared he. 'Put him to butchering, baking—anything. Get him a job on the corporation. He'd be sure of a living then—' and a lot more of that kind of stuff. I always thought that a commercial traveler's job was a pretty good sort of a job, with pretty good salary and so forth, but I find it isn't. Jackson says to me: 'Dog's life, sir; poor salaries, low commissions, no business, confounded trains, beastly hotels; simp—ly—a—dog's life, sir.' Every lawyer you meet says

that nine out of every ten men in the profession are starving, while the doctors claim there are more physicians per head of population in this country than anywhere else on the face of the earth. Bookkeepers treat the idea of a man deliberately putting his son to their business as an impossible joke. There's nothing in the world a man can possibly make a living at nowadays according to the advice I've received. Queer that we continue to live, isn't it?"

About half a minute elapsed before the gentleman beside Mr. Smith ventured on a remark of his own.

"Why not put your son to your own business?" said he.

Mr. Smith gravely shook his head.

"No," he said, "no. Years ago I vowed I'd never put a son of mine into my business. No, sir, I've had experience in that business, and I know what it is. I guess this is my corner. Good morning."

S. H.

## The Championship.

THIS is my bargain day and I want to give a suffering public, who are in such straits to make ends meet, a chance to get the best for their money. I have gone into poetry, not exactly for a living, but to enable me to voice my sentiments in a vein that would be impossible in prose.

When a man has done a worthy deed or in some way has proven to the world that he is a great man, what more fitting than that his praises be sung by another man of the same calibre? It has been said by those who knew, "Deep calleth unto deep," then why not shallow to shallow? I have now on hand one hundred and seventy-five verses of as good poetry as a body would wish to see, and all on the same subject. I could make it two hundred verses if you thought it wasn't long enough. I myself don't like short poems; there isn't breadth in them, or, for that matter, any length. You can have it at cost, as I must make room for Xmas goods. I lead off something like this:

A poet bold, long since foretold  
Was up from my sire to come,  
Whose mighty pen would rouse the glen,  
And stir the patriot hearts of men,  
And you bet I can make it hum!"

I want you to observe that I am in touch with all advanced movements and no mean authority on politics, sentiment, art, political economy, etc.; also my style is varied in feet and I can do it up in any of the following varieties, viz.: Doggerel, Hoggerel or Piggerel.

"I sing the Grits who hold fat sits,  
Nor ask of their past career;  
While the whirling whirr of the wild waves stir,  
The wrath of the cooling ban-dog's purr,  
I can chew the muse's ear."

Then I'm sentimental, with a warm heart for whatever is supposed to be good and popular, and am ever ready to step forward when I find persons who have merit in their writings, and, taking them by the hand, help to lift them still higher in the public estimation:

"Armenia's woes will give me throes,  
Ne'er stirred a heart so fine;  
I gild fine gold like an artist bold  
(I'd like 10,000 copies sold),  
I could touch up 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

I think you will agree with me that I am entitled to put forward some claims to the heavy-weight long-distance championship. Of course, if I can get on a match with any of the "boys" and happen to get defeated on a foul, why then, the other gentleman can take the money; I shan't squeal. I'm not built that way. When Austin got the belt in England did I raise one word in protest? No, sir, though you know that the cur dare not meet me at the scratch, in a sixteen-foot ring, with a flying start. But I shan't close with him now, I am after bigger game; even Campbell or Roberts could do him up. After I whip some of those I am on the trail of, I'll give Austin, or Arnold, or Hon. David Mills a go if they will accept decent odds, just enough to get money up against me, for:

"I'm a lad o' pairts and light the hairs  
O' the Domsie hoosie crew;  
Let the welkin ring, I always sing  
The praise of those who can dollars bring.  
For their ranks are thin and few."

You will no doubt by this time have realized that any money placed on me will be well placed. I now offer the public my deft: I am ready for a match with any of the heavy-weights or middle-weights for one catch-as-catch-can, best-and-best bouts, to start by mutual consent or from the firing of a pistol; umpire's decision to be final; forfeit to be in the hands of Ian MacLaren, the stakeholder, in ten days from date. If no knock-out occurs in four hundred rounds, the fight to be declared a draw. This offer to be without training, or if I can get two weeks' training to get rid of some of my superfluous wits, I will make a match with J. W. Bengough if he allows me seven verses of a start. Trusting you will always favor me with your esteemed orders,

Yours truly,

O. G. WHITTAKER.

## Misunderstood.

As a young man was engaged shoveling snow and slush from the sidewalk opposite a well known educational establishment on College street early Sunday morning (October 18), a gentleman, the cut of whose clothes showed him to be of the preaching fraternity, happened to come that way.

"Good morning," said he of the broadcloth.

"Good morning, sir," said he of the snow-shovel. "Rather early for this kind of work."

"Yes, my friend," said the preacher, "it is, but you should remember that all things have a tendency in the long run to work for your good."

"Certainly," replied the young man, "and the end of this job will be for me, at the least, an awful backache."

The preacher did not sow any more seed just there and then.

E. N. H.

## First Fruits of Emancipation.

Los Angeles Times.

Appropos of Othello, it is related that the lat Col. Jack Gambill of San Francisco went to see Edwin Forrest in that character along in 1866. Coming out of the theater somebody asked Col. Jack, who was a strong secession sympathizer, what he thought of the play. "What do I think of it?" roared old Jack. "Why, I think it is one of the legitimate consequences of old Abe Lincoln's emancipation proclamation."

## She Didn't Mean That.

Philadelphia Record.

A Tioga youth started to take his best girl to the city one evening last week. The couple boarded a street car, and when the conductor came in for the fare, the young man dived down in his pocket. To his horror he discovered that his pocket was absolutely empty. Looking up at the conductor, he blurted out: "I've changed my pants and left my money at home." Then he looked questioningly at the girl. She shook her head and murmured: "So have I." The conductor grinned, the maiden blushed, and the young man signaled to stop.

## A Well Laid Plan.

"I want you to promise that when we are married you will not drink anything downtown. I'll let you drink all you want to at home."

"But I'll drink as much that way as I do now."

"I know, but you will be sure to come home early every evening."

## Foot Ball Term.



"A Le't Tackle."



"A Tie Game."



A "V" (only).



"A Half Back."



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Fulda	Nov. 7	Nov. 15	Nov. 19
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Nov. 14	Nov. 22	Nov. 26
Columbia	Nov. 21	Nov. 29	Dec. 3
Werra	Nov. 28	Dec. 6	Dec. 10
Fulda	Dec. 5	Dec. 13	Dec. 17
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Dec. 12	Dec. 20	Dec. 24
Columbia	Dec. 19	Dec. 27	Jan. 1
Werra	Jan. 26	Jan. 3	Jan. 7
Fulda	Jan. 3	Jan. 11	Jan. 15
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 10	Jan. 18	Jan. 22
Columbia	Jan. 17	Jan. 25	Jan. 29
Werra	Jan. 24	Jan. 31	Feb. 4
Fulda	Jan. 31	Feb. 7	Feb. 11
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 7	Feb. 15	Feb. 19
Columbia	Feb. 14	Feb. 22	Feb. 26
Werra	Feb. 21	Feb. 29	Mar. 3
Fulda	Feb. 28	Mar. 6	Mar. 10
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Mar. 6	Mar. 14	Mar. 18
Columbia	Mar. 13	Mar. 21	Mar. 25

Steamers call at Algiers.

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Columbia, Jan. 5	Jan. 13	Jan. 20
Werra, Jan. 12	Jan. 20	Jan. 27
Fulda, Jan. 19	Jan. 27	Feb. 3
Kaiser Wilhelm II., Jan. 26	Feb. 3	Feb. 10
Columbia, Feb. 2	Feb. 10	Feb. 17
Werra, Feb. 9	Feb. 17	Feb. 24
Fulda, Feb. 16	Feb. 24	Mar. 1
Kaiser Wilhelm II., Feb. 23	Mar. 1	Mar. 8

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#### Anecdotal.

The Princesses Louise and Beatrice paid a visit to an old woman living in a cottage on the slopes of Glenfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with Balmoral Castle, met them with the blunt inquiry: "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'm thinkin'?" "No," they replied, with some amusement; "we are the Queen's daughters." "The Queen's dochters?" ejaculated the old body, with national bluntness. "Ye dinna look like it, for ye have neither a ring on your fingers nor yet a bit good 'o' your lugs!"

Some years ago (says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*), I was in camp with a friend of mine in Canada. Toward morning I woke shivering with cold. The fire was very low. My companion was sound asleep. It isn't nice to get out of a warm blanket to haul frosty logs to the fire, so I gave Wyndham a kick, and then pretended to be asleep. There was no response, and by and by I tried another kick. Then the old scoundrel burst out laughing. "I did the same thing to you fifteen minutes ago," he said; "that's how you came to wake up."

When the late Shah of Persia was visiting England he was a guest at a garden party at the seat of Lord Salisbury. The entertainment included a performance by a man who shot corks off a woman's head with a gun. The Shah was delighted. He took a repeating rifle and said: "That looks easy; let me try it." Naturally the woman refused to allow the Shah to shoot at anything on her head. Then the potentate, brandishing the rifle rather recklessly, said to Lord Salisbury: "Then your excellency will surely let me shoot a cork off your head?" It need scarcely be said that Lord Salisbury's refusal was diplomatic but firm.

James Clay, the distinguished whist-player who figures in Guy Livingston under the name of Castlemaine, once had for a partner in the game a man who led a singleton from a hand containing five trumps, and Castlemaine fell into the common error of leading trumps to defend an imaginary suit. Although it was not his fault, the poor partner of the great man felt himself called upon to look sorry, and remarked that the result had been unfortunate. Castlemaine looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. "It is computed," he said, "that there are upward of two thousand Englishmen of good family, and born to brilliant prospects, who are now wandering shoeless about the Continent because they would not lead trumps, having five."

Of the generosity of the Messrs. Harper, his publishers, du Maurier was always eager to speak. "As a boy I worshipped Byron," he would say, "his fire, his wit, his audacity. In the light of my own experience, I can't forgive him that one cruel line. 'Now, Barabbas was a publisher.' From the first they had faith in Trilby. I looked for no greater success than with Peter Ibbetson, which I have always thought the better book. But they began by offering me double the Ibbetson terms. I thought it royal treatment, and accepted. Then they begged me to reconsider my decision, accept a little less, and retain an interest in the book. I pinned no great faith to Trilby's Grenadier coat, however, and said, 'No.' Two thousand birds in the hand were good enough for me. But directly the 'boom' assumed magnificent proportions, the Harpers voluntarily destroyed our agreement and arranged to allow me a handsome royalty on every copy of the book."

One day the famous duelist, Pierrot d'Isaac, went to see his friend the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French *pierrôt* means sparrow and *merle* means blackbird. "Marquis," said d'Isaac, "I am a Bonapartist and you are a Royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird."

Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?" "It precisely does," said the marquis; "my choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees." As if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other's Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from trees, the seconds standing on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot d'Isaac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. At this point the marquis began to chirp triumphantly, imitating the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way; and d'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time the duel was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded—the sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.

#### Between You and Me.

WONDER what the next craze will be, for it is about time for a new fad to loom in the distance. The bicycle is becoming antique! You don't hear the women chattering about their skirts and gaiters, now that the proper costume is *fait accompli*. By the way, didn't I tell you truly that the skirt would win? It seems incredible that anyone for an instant mentioned bloomers, those hideous garments of the "advanced." You don't hear men boasting of the miles they ride, nor the narrow escapes they have from collisions. When one rides really well, one has the self-respect to abhor collisions barely escaped, and as to centuries, why, two in a day scarcely cause a ripple of interest among the cycling fraternity. It is all over, the gabble, the emulation, the excitement. It was wondrous; what comes next?

A man tells me that no matter which way the elections go to the south of us, that country will be racked and distracted. War, says the man, is inevitable, and his eyes twinkle a wee bit over the notion of it. But I cannot get up a war scare. It is usually the way that when a long and loud hue and cry is raised in advance, the actual crisis is peaceful. Twenty years ago, when the Quaker City had her placid bosom disturbed by the hurrying breath that she drew during the Centennial, I lingered in one of Philadelphia's cosy pensions to see how the good Friends took an election season. Tilden and Hayes, I think it was who ran that year. The pension was divided, and the Hayes people sat on my side of the table and talked me over. Then the day of our triumph came, and we sallied out very late at night to enjoy it. Those who were celebrating their man's victory had various schemes and designs—original and startling, for his glory. I remember there was to be a great bonfire somewhere, and fireworks, and a monstrous dray with immense horses was loaded with tar and oil-barrels and many packages of fireworks, and the conveyance set out for the common, or wherever the bonfire was to be built. On the way the crowds were firing rockets, and by some mischance a rocket or light of some sort fell into one of the oil-barrels full of fireworks. There was a ripping and a snarling of small, vicious, spitting of things, and booms and bangs, while the horses ran away through the streets with their eyes rolling and their very hearts standing still with horror at the spitting, roaring, blazing load they drew. It was an elegant bonfire as it streamed up and flashed by. I never heard how the horses liked it!

Further back in the ages, before lots of you were born, I remember another pretty lively election, when Grant and McLellan were candidates. We were scraps at school then, in great New York city, and half of us wore Mac's picture, as the boys and girls wear motto buttons nowadays, while the other half wore Grant's, and I was on the losing side that time. There was a truer ring in that election, it seems to me, for this year is surely the apotheosis of the mighty dollar, while in those days it had not the power to move the masses with their ready vacant minds, that it has now. The very candidates filled one's memory with the pity and the pathos and the agony of the scarcely finished civil war. Brothers had hardly shaken hands, after trying to slay one another; there was something above money when one thought of this Presidential election, away back in the sixties. The Grant girls reviled me for a Canuck, and I talked back and disowned my country, and then the McLellan girls turned upon me when our man was defeated, and my life was made a burden. How funny it all is! I was going to say how childish, when it occurred to me that *childish* was not at all an appropriate word—older folk do it all.

I wonder if anyone has the same dread of the superlative as assaults me. No utterance is more misused than this, from the ardent lover who swears his love the truest, strongest, most devoted in the world, to the man who owns the finest dog, the smartest baby, the prettiest wife, at least, who says so! "The cleverest woman in Canada" would condemn its object to the disparaging thought, if not word, of nine out of ten who heard it. "The handsomest man I know" would ruin an Apollo. "The dearest friend I have" always rouses a sensation of doubt in the minds of all the other dear ones. The superlative is the degree of the Order of All Fools, and level-headed people shun it. While it may be that the Scotchman's tempered adjectives exasperate the decided and assertive mind, they carry more weight than all the superlatives ever rolled off the tongue of the enthusiast.

I had a dream (after Welsh rarebit) one night. In my dream I saw a lot of black-coated men, with pickaxes, hoes, pincers and crowbars, and they were working, hacking, pulling and lifting at rows of human heads. "What on earth are you doing?" I asked one, who was hauling something out through the ear of his victim. "Oh, I am trying to get out a false idea I put in this man's head one day. That's one of the things we preachers have to do before we are let into heaven." The dream was worthy of

#### The Warning Would Be Wasted.



Manager—Aren't you going to horse-whip that man in the third act as arranged?  
 Miss Sou Bret—No! What's the use? The press seats are all empty.

Welsh rarebit, and long did I groan as I watched those preachers digging, diving, probing into the poor brains of the people who had imbibed some doctrine or precept which was keeping them and their teachers in outer darkness. One person had a head to work on like a cocoon, and he was toilsomely unwinding miles of web, and here and there the web had queer figures on it, "firstly," "secondly," and so on; and the head was so wound up and bound up that no wonder the man smothered and died.

One of the antiquities which is almost out of date is the love-letter. There are very few brides-elect nowadays who have enough real genuine love-letters to make a bonfire of. We are so ashamed of sentiment! The love-letter is a satisfactory thing; when one is blue, or lonely, or cross, or feeling seedy or old, it is a sweet satisfaction to have it before one, in how-ever had a handwriting, that one is the star of someone's existence, the beacon to which all his thoughts turn, the angel (even if it's spelled "angle," as one of mine once was) who shall guide him to the higher life, the lovely she who comes between him and his rest, and whom he'd rather think about than snooze and snore as he should. I don't know anything more sweetly comforting than such an epistle, no matter how ancient its date. That the boys nowadays write such epistles is as difficult to realize as that they put pomade on their hair and strap down their trousers.

LADY GAY.

#### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

**MATHOS IN DOUBT.**—I can't see why you hesitate. Send out fourteen invitations ten days ahead. Then if you have to fill up you will have time. Pink, not pink and white.

**PSYCHE.**—I cannot discuss the matter. It is beyond measure distasteful and disagreeable to any refined mind. Let the dogs of scandal gnaw the bones of scandal. You and I will fare healthier on purer food.

**POUR MA PATRIE.**—You can get an idea what your crest should be from James Bain on King street. Ask to see a book of heraldry which he has. But I shouldn't advise you to use the crest as you say. Just have your stationery stamped with your family initials. You do not need the other until you come of age.

**RICHARD.**—This is a slightly self-absorbed person, at least one always conscious of his own personality, but a very strong and able person, full of enterprise and very energetic, especially in planning. Cleverness and a bright and intuitive mind are shown; excellent temper, hope, buoyancy. A live man and no mistake.

**LION.**—Your *non de plume* is anything but descriptive. You are honest and painstaking, truthful and conscientious, needing concentration and any amount of training; somewhat susceptible to emotion, generally optimistic, but at present your writing is not sufficiently eloquent to give you a decided delineation. There is fine promise when you develop and discover yourself.

**SUNSHINE.**—Quite a dainty and appreciative little lady, and one with a good deal of hidden force and character. Ambition shows, with hope and sense of humor. Writer should be tactful and apt to please. No sign of dependency is shown, but some self-consciousness and thoroughly feminine temperament. I should say you would succeed in the study you mention. You are alert and quick. No stupid lines in this study.

**SCOTCH MARGARET.**—Just an ordinary every-day girl, are you? Well, you are the sort of girl that I like, my lassie. Your bright, and sweet, and hopeful nature shows in your lines; you have strength, courage, energy and independence, good practical methods, and are a discreet and reliable person generally. I am sure you are a nice girl and that you will be nicer as your character grows, for it is of the sort that grows and makes a noble woman. Certainly you are my paper friend. Glad to own you.

**PETITE ANGE CHERIE.**—The study is masterful and the writing that of one bound to have what he desires. Beware of crossing swords with that person, unless you are on utterly impersonal grounds. He is cautious but determined, quick and resentful in temper, but capable of great affection and, on occasion, courage. The nature is not constant, being very emphatic at first and dying into unconcern; loves novelty and change; should be a good reasoner and a clever man. Now, just remember what I said, my child.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—I. Your writing shows a quiet and contemplative disposition, not easily moved to violent action or feeling, fond of your friends and enjoying social intercourse. Somewhat susceptible, sympathetic, fond of beauty, good-tempered, careful of details, and deliberate in method. The sort of person unfit to meet harsh treatment or unfairness with indifference, and liable to keep his own counsel but feel all the more. Concentrated rather than diffusive, would be better for a little more snap. 2. Summer, because it's less trouble to live. 3. I don't think I looked at the painting you mention. The others fanned me. They were truly awful. Thanks for good wishes.

A FEMALE.—I fancy a good many waited, as you did, until I had a chance to catch up my correspondence. The column, as you see, is now up to date, and no one need wait four months for a delineation. So you did not like Toronto? I am so sorry, for when you know the ropes it's a bonnie little city, and there is lots of fun and shoals of nice people to share it with you. 2. Your writing is that of an observant, appreciative and cordial person, well up in the give and take of life, but a little brusque and impatient in your way of looking at things. You are a pessimist, honest but prejudiced in some views, adaptable, energetic and impulsive in affections, original and interesting. Caution is developed, and sometimes mistrust. I hope you will like us better some day. We want to be liked.

#### He Had Tried Everything.

"Honesty is the best policy," said the old man.

"Well, you ought to know," replied his son, who had just been admitted into partnership.

#### Now and Then.

Boston Home Journal.

"They say that human nature is always the same," said the middle-aged lady. "But I don't think so."

"What's the reason?" asked the niece.

"Twenty years ago girls read magazines and did needlework. Now they study a road map and learn to use a monkey-wrench."

#### A Common Experience.

Baltimore News.

Broke, broke, broke,  
 And back at my desk, O Sea!  
 Blistered and freckled and broke,  
 Yes! broke with a capital B.

#### Misdirected Energy.

Chicago Record.

"Hopkins, what feature of this campaign has impressed you most?"

"The fact that so many men stand on the street corners talking politics when they ought to be at home taking a bath."

#### Nodding to the Phone.

A firm in Aberdeen recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone: "Man, are ye blin'! I've been noddin' my head aff for the last hauf-oor."

#### A Recommendation.

Punch.

Mrs. Cogile—Ay, that's the new doctor, mem; an' I'm sure it wad be an awfu' kindness if ye gie'd him a bit trial. He had a heap o' patients when he cam' first, but noo they're a' deid.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

costs more than other medicines. But then it cures more than other medicines.

Most of the cheap cough medicines merely palliate; they afford local and temporary relief. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral does not patch up or palliate. It cures.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough,—and every other cough, will, when other remedies fail, yield to

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It has a record of 50 years of cures.  
 Send for the "Curebook"—free.  
 J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

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is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

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**Harvest Excursions.**  
 In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, North-west and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

**Excursion to Mexico City.**  
 Pan-American Medical Congress will be held in Mexico City, Mexico, November 16 to 19. For this occasion ticket agents, Toronto and west, will sell round trip tickets (via Wabash Railroad) at one lowest first-class fare. Tickets on sale November 6 and 9, good to return any time before December 31. Your particular attention is called to the fact that passengers going via the great Wabash route reach Mexico hours in advance of any other line. Everything will be first-class. Full particulars of this wonderful trip to the Egypt of the New World from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

**California Tokay.**  
 California Tokay, a delicious pure sweet red wine. Do not confuse this with so-called tokay unfettered temperance beverages now being offered on the market. Our price is \$2.50 per gallon, or 50 cents per bottle. Mar's, 79 and 81 Yonge street. Phone 1708.

A Scotch sergeant doing his rounds after "Lights out!" was electrified by a ring, as he thought, a light in one of the barrack windows. "Put that light out!" roared the sergeant. "It's the mune, sergeant," came a voice from the window. "Mune, or no mune, put it out!"





Low bred peoples, Hottentots, Basutos,  
Have a taste for scarlet and brass bands,  
Out friend Monet, feeling red repulsive,  
Sees blue shadows in pale purple lands.  
Sees not only, but instructs our seeing  
Taught by him a twelvemonth, we confess  
Earth once robed in crude barbaric splendor,  
Has put on a softer, lovelier dress.  
—From Behind the Arras, by Blisse Carmen.

In a chatty article in the October *Art Journal* Mr. S. E. Waller speaks of his models, and begins by recounting a conversation he had one evening with a distinguished lady. "So you use models," she said; "I am surprised. I thought only students and second-rate artists needed them." I hastened to assure her I was second-rate. Resuming, she enquired, "Where do you get your subjects? Are they from books, or do you get people to send you ideas?" "They are mostly my own, and original; that is, as much so as anything can be original in the nineteenth century." But this the distinguished lady politely but firmly refused to believe, feeling sure their ancestry could be traced back, the only question being who first evolved them.

This recalls something told me a year or two ago by one of our Canadian artists. At a private view of one of his pictures a lady, whose husband was at the head of his profession and who was herself intelligent and well educated, asked the artist what he had enlarged or copied the picture from. It took him some time to understand that she (possibly recalling certain amateur performances of her acquaintances) supposed, as a matter of course, the work was not original, and he hastened to explain the true state of affairs, much to her surprise.

Miss Harriet Ford sailed last week for England and expects to be absent about a year, the first part of which, at least, will be spent at Newlyn, a place which attracts so many artists.

At just the right time apparently, when interest in ceramics is being revived considerably, comes to hand a little book, *Notes on Pottery*, by W. P. Jervis of Newark, N.J., which gives in a condensed form and with the use of few technical terms a great deal of information on the subject. After a slight general sketch, the various manufactures of England and the Continent are taken up in order of time, a short historical sketch given and a description of the ware, each being fully illustrated with important specimens. At the close are a few notes on the pottery of China and Japan, and one chapter is devoted to the process of manufacture. The subject of American pottery is reserved for another volume, Rookwood being the only kind mentioned at any length. Several pages are devoted to the marks and monograms of the various plates, which will be invaluable to many a collector. Altogether this little work fulfills its mission well, for as the author remarks in the preface, it is only "intended as a primer," and one

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are setting the world an example in China Decoration, and we desire to encourage this exquisite art by charging the lowest prices possible for materials.

#### THE ART METROPOLE

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#### Exhibition of Etchings

From the Fine Art Society, London, Eng., and the Continent. On view Oct. 1st and will close Oct. 10th. We invite the public to see them.

ROBERTS' ART GALLERIES, 79 King St. West



object is "to awaken or re-awaken an interest in this most fascinating art," and is packed with accurate information from cover to cover. Its typography and illustrations are all that could be desired. The Toronto News Co. handles the book.

Mr. G. A. Reid has brought with him from Spain a number of very fine copies of Velasquez, that Spaniard who painted so far ahead of his day that his work seems a piece of our own "end of the century" in its breadth of treatment and rendering of light. The largest and only complete copy is the dog and the dwarf, the prevailing tones of which are browns, relieved by the bluish-greens of the background. Among the others are the strongly marked, haggard face of *Esop*, with its short iron-gray hair (the original is a full-length figure); the head of a Spanish sculptor, part of the figure of a young girl from *Las Hilanderas* (The Spinners) in glowing flesh-tints, and the head of Velasquez himself from *Las Meninas* (The Maids of Honor) in very low tones. Reference to a photograph of this last picture explains the artist's position in the picture in the background, where he is at work on the portraits of the King (Philip IV.) and Queen of Spain, whose reflections are seen in a mirror behind him. The interest of the picture centers on the little figure of the Infanta in the ugly, stiff dress of the time, and her maids of honor, the inevitable court dwarf and the dog in the foreground. Mr. Reid's methods make him an excellent and sympathetic interpreter of the great Spaniard, and those who have seen the originals feel he has caught, without slavish copying, their spirit.

Miss Hannaford's china will be on exhibition at the Pantechnetha next week, beginning Monday, November 2.

On Thursday there was a sale of pictures at Dickson's auction rooms on King street east. The pictures were by Canadian and foreign artists.

Mr. Bell-Smith's paintings illustrating the death at Windsor Castle and the state funeral of the late Sir John Thompson, are now on view at the rooms on Yonge street where the Cinematograph was exhibited. A private view was held on Wednesday afternoon.

Princess Louise has recently been the recipient from the 1st Battalion of her regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in commemoration of her silver wedding, of a solid silver model of an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander in full marching order. The model was subscribed for by all ranks of the battalion.

Mr. E. S. Waller's first model was a pretty child of twelve. "One day she began crying bitterly, and in answer to my query, said she had a headache. I told her she had better go home. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'it's bound to ache somewhere, and it may as well ache here as ache at home: so I'll just stay on and earn my sixpence.'"

The late Sir John Millais was an inveterate joker. When Cardinal Newman went to give the first sitting for his portrait Millais said to him: "Will your Eminence be good enough to place yourself upon that eminence?"—pointing to a platform in the studio. The Cardinal was exceedingly offended for a minute and whispered to the friend who accompanied him, "Don't you think I ought to take notice of that?" However, Newman's wrath quickly abated and he became charmed with Millais before the sittings were finished.

The Palette Club will hold an exhibit in Owen Sound somewhere about the end of November, and many new pictures will for the first time be put on view. The proceeds will be devoted to the work of the local society of King's Daughters.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the Sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503. LYNN C. DOYLE.

#### How Did She do It?



She got new bloomers yesterday,  
So I was much in doubt  
When at her home her valet said,  
That she had worn them out.

#### Tipping Servants.

James Payn in London News.  
There have been many complaints this year of the large fees exacted, or at all events expected, by gamekeepers. Some of them, it is said, even look askance at gold, and require "paper." This is supposed, I notice, to arise from the influx of the *nouveaux riches* into sporting circles. But the abuse is of long standing. Indeed, with the exception of gamekeepers, the servants in great houses are much less exorbitant in their views upon this matter than they used to be. In old time the "valets" to servants were an insupportable tax upon guests with slender purses. Lord Poor, an Irish nobleman, lived upon a small pension granted him by Queen Anne, and when the Duke of Ormond asked him to dinner always declined the invitation. At last the duke enquired the cause of his refusals, and he honestly replied that he could not afford the guinea which his Grace's butler demanded. After that a guinea was always enclosed in the note of invitation. The same story is told of Pope and the Duke of Montague, both their Graces preferring to pay

the impost themselves rather than offend their servants. Lord Taaffe, an officer in the Austrian service, who resided in London, was the first to make a stand against this exaction. When his guests were going away, he always attended them to the door, and if they offered money to the servant, he interposed in his broken English, "If you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who did buy the dinner." The great blow to the custom was, however, given by Sir Timothy Walker, when, after dining with the Duke of Newcastle, he was waylaid, as usual, by the domestics, he put a crown into the hand of the cook, who returned it, observing, "I do not take silver." "Don't you, indeed!" returned Sir Timothy, putting the crown into his pocket; "then I don't give gold!" This would be a good plan to adopt with a too exacting gamekeeper.

#### Healthy Digestion.

##### A Boon and a Blessing to Mankind.

The Life of a Dyspeptic one of Constant Mery  
—One Who Has Suffered From Its Pangs  
Points the Way to Renewed Health.  
From the Cornwall Freeholder.

The life of the dyspeptic is proverbially a miserable one, eliciting universal commiseration. Not so much because of the actual painfulness of the ailment, but largely because it projects its pessimistic shadows upon all the concerns of life, and here they sit like a deadly incubus upon every enterprise. An impaired digestion gives rise to an irritability that exposes the person to much annoyance, besides being extremely trying upon others. We are all aware of the value of cheerfulness in life. It is a flower of the rarest worth and strongest attractions. It is a tonic to the sick and a disinfectant to the healthy. Those things that destroy a man's habitual cheerfulness, lessen his usefulness, and ought therefore to be resisted by some drastic and efficient remedy. The duties that devolve upon the average man and woman are investigated in so much difficulty as to put a premium on hopelessness. The relation between the prevailing moods of the mind, and the health of the digestive apparatus is close and vital. Hence it is not surprising that many would-be-benefactors have caught the patronage of sufferers from indigestion. Judging by results Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy unique in its success, therefore it is confidently recommended as a safe and adequate cure for acute dyspepsia. This claim is substantiated by experience as the following facts will show.

Mrs. D. McCrimmon of Williamstown, Glengarry Co., suffered untold misery from a severe attack of dyspepsia, which manifested itself in those many unpleasant ways for which dyspepsia is notorious. Every attempt to take food was a menace to every feeling of comfort, until the stomach was relieved of its burden by vomiting. When not suffering from the presence of food in the stomach, there were other symptoms more or less disagreeable consequent to the functional disturbance of the stomach, such as impaired taste and appetite, unwanted languor, increasing apathy and failing ambition. Such an aggregation of the symptoms produced a trying state of affairs, and relief was eagerly sought. One of the best physicians of the neighborhood was consulted. He prescribed. His medicine was taken and his directions followed, but unfortunately three months of the treatment brought no substantial relief. When Mrs. McCrimmon expressed her intention of trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the doctor laughed and held the thought in derision. However Mrs. McCrimmon decided she could not afford to leave untried such a well recommended remedy as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Hence she took a course of this medicine, which after a fair trial was eminently successful. From being only able to eat stale bread and milk, or soda biscuits, she became able to take a hearty meal of any variety, without the painful effects that once asserted themselves after every meal. It only remains to be said that Mrs. McCrimmon improved in flesh and general comfort from the first taking of the pills, and almost anything going she could eat with impunity. Dyspepsia became a thing less dreaded, and largely belonging to the past. It is little wonder, therefore, that she urges the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills upon others similarly afflicted.

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#### The New Omen.

The Record, Chicago.

The goose-bone tells an early fall—  
'Tis not the goose-bone's year at all;  
Just now we bank, with spirits gay,  
On what the rabbit-foot shall say.

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Nephew—You don't, eh? Just wait till you see her alongside the bridesmaids that she has selected.

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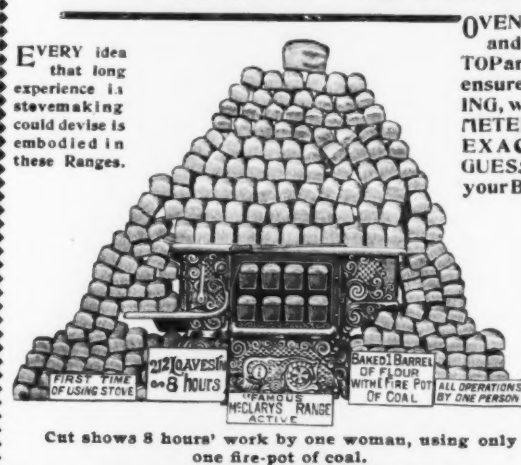
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## Music.

The following correspondence has been received:

To the Musical Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—I have recently received two circulars, which have presumably been distributed broadcast, containing an attack upon some of the established musical institutions in England, and since the same are calculated to deceive the public, I feel bound to reply to them through the medium of the press.

One of these, a reprint from the *Wigan Observer* of September 5, 1896, signed C. C. C., attacks, in a scurrilous manner, Trinity College, London, the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and the Royal College of Organists, for the ostensible purpose of "putting up" the so-called London College of Music, Limited. The public of a city like Toronto, however, are not likely to be "gulled" with a reprint by an interested party, of so much twaddle by an anonymous correspondent of an unknown paper, published in an obscure town like Wigan.

Not being personally connected with Trinity College, London, I shall not on this occasion presume to defend that institution.

C. C. C. states that he has never yet been successful in finding a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians who was able to tell him "where the guineas went to." Reference is here made to the annual fee (one guinea) which the party who has come to so much trouble and expense to send out these circulars may inform C. C. C. that there is a member of the Society in Toronto (namely myself) who is able to tell him both where the guineas "go to," and where they do not "go to." They go towards meeting the expenses that arise in connection with maintaining the most important organization of professional musicians in the world, of which H. B. H. the Duke of Edinburgh is president, and which comprises almost two thousand members. One item of expense alone is the publication of a monthly journal in the interests of music, and this is distributed free to all members. Now, as to where the guineas do not go; they do not go into the pockets of one or two private individuals who "start a concern" as a business speculation, and sell diplomas for a guinea either without any examination at all, or at the most after a poor apology for one.

With regard to the Royal College of Organists, of which I have the honor to be a fellow, it is stated that "in its early days the examiners generally examined the paper-work of their own pupils." Whatever may have taken place some thirty or forty years ago I cannot say, but this I can affirm, that the College of Organists never sold a diploma for so much cash down and then stated that the same had been awarded after examination. Mr. T. Weekes Holmes, the secretary of the so-called London College of Music, Limited, admitted at the notorious trial at Leeds that the authorities of his "college" had granted diplomas without examination, on payment of £1 3s. 6d. (about 85c). On these diplomas it was stated that they had been awarded after examination for meritorious musical qualifications, and the distinctive title of L. Mus. L. C. M. (Licentiate of Music, London College of Music) was included in the bargain.

It is worthy of note that the early possessors of these diplomas are very proud of being able to point to such names as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir George Elzev, Frederick H. Cowen, W. H. Cummings and others, and doubtless beguile the unwary into the belief that these eminent musicians are really connected with the "concern." Let me tell you, sir, that when these gentlemen, who were only patrons, discovered the true character of the institution, they immediately withdrew their patronage and requested that their names be omitted from all future publications by this so-called London College of Music, Limited. This same "college," which has recently been figuring in the Police Courts of England, is now, I understand, attempting to introduce its examinations in this city through a local agency.

The other circular, which is a reprint from the *Magazine of Music* for May, 1896, refers to "that harmless body, the Union of Graduates in Music, of which no one ever hears." I may say that the "no-ones" who are for ever hearing about this "body" are those who decree from a university of acknowledged repute, make use of a degree which is commonly called "bogus." The secretary of the Union, Mr. T. L. Southgate, an official in the Bank of England and an enthusiastic musician, is next attacked personally, being sneeringly alluded to as a "Bank Clerk" and a "dabbler in music." An unprejudiced reader will at once see that the Union of Musical Graduates is not as "harmless" as this second anonymous individual would have us believe. Mr. T. L. Southgate holds the unique position of referee on the question of musical degrees; would that we had such a referee in Canada, one to whom the public might apply when in doubt or perplexity with regard to the standing of either musicians or musical institutions. When a professional musician expresses an adverse opinion, it is invariably attributed to "professional jealousy."

Lastly mention is made of Trinity University in this city, and it is stated that the Union ignores the right of Toronto candidates to use the title of Mus. Bac. As a member of the Union and as an examiner at Trinity I can speak authoritatively, and this is not the case. The Union simply requires that all holders of musical degrees shall add the source of their degree after the title, as a matter of professional etiquette, for musical degrees are not yet protected by law as in the case of the medical and legal professions; for example, a Bachelor of Music of Cambridge will employ the following abbreviation, Mus. Bac. Cantab.; Oxford degree-holders employ, Mus. Bac. Oxon., and a Trinity graduate, Mus. Bac. Tor. It is the use of Mus. Bac. or Mus. Doc. alone to which the Union, and all musicians of any standing, object. As the Union is a union of the universities of Great Britain, of course it does not include among its members graduates of either colonial or foreign universities.

The fact that the Incorporated Society of Musicians, a more general organization, has recently accepted Toronto graduates is a further proof of the unreliability of the ridiculous aspersions made in these circulars, which only too evidently have been distributed by a person who has the "degree" business on the brain, but who has never possessed anything nearer the genuine article than illuminated parchment at so much per yard.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. H. MURPHY ANGER.

Association Hall was crowded to the doors on Tuesday evening last on the occasion of Mr. Harry M. Field's annual piano recital. Mr. Field's recent triumphs as a piano soloist in recitals given in Germany lent special interest to his re-appearance in Toronto. His playing throughout a most exacting programme was masterly in a high degree and awakened the greatest enthusiasm among an intelligent audience, including many of our leading professional and amateur musicians. The recital again demonstrated Mr. Field's great versatility. An intellectual and forceful rendering of Beethoven's Sonata op. 53 furnished a delightful contrast to a charming and poetic interpretation of Chopin's Berceuse op. 57. The remarkable brilliancy displayed in the heavier Liszt numbers produced a pronounced effect upon the audience, who repeatedly recalled the talented soloist. In all his work Mr. Field displayed technical and general musicianly attainments such as are but too seldom combined in the performances of pianists of high rank. His successes have been honestly won and his continuous artistic development is a matter upon which he can honestly be congratulated. Mr.

Field was assisted by Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, soprano, and Mons. Bernhard Walther, violinist. Miss Robinson, who was in excellent voice, sang with her accustomed fine effect several admirably contrasted selections, including *Le Parlate d'Amor* from Faust, *Otway's God be With You*, and E. A. Dick's *Spring is Here*. Mons. Walther, whose first appearance it was before a Toronto audience, scored an immediate success in his several solos. Particularly brilliant was his playing of Bazzini's *Elves' Dance*, a composition making the most extensive demands upon the technique of a performer. He was several times recalled during the evening and twice obliged to respond to encores. The piano used on this occasion was the new grand constructed by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, the eminent Canadian manufacturer. This new instrument, which created a decided impression during the evening, may fairly be claimed as a great triumph for Canadian skill and enterprise. In its full and sonorous tone, remarkable singing quality, and in the elasticity of its touch and general finish in details, the new instrument may challenge comparison with leading pianos of the United States and Europe. The many musicians present were enthusiastic and unanimous in their praise of this latest development in Canadian piano manufacture. Mention should be made of the artistic accompaniments played by Mr. Dinelli during the evening, which contributed in no small measure to the success of a most enjoyable concert.

I am informed, with reference to my comments in last week's issue, that the amount mentioned as having been paid annually to Mr. Torrington during the halcyon days of the old Philharmonic Society, namely, seven hundred dollars, materialized on but two, or at the outside three, seasons. It is also stated by my informant that the average amount received by Mr. Torrington up to the period of the Society's unfortunate speculations in such outside attractions as Gilmore's band and Zerrahn's orchestra concerts, did not exceed four hundred dollars annually. It might also be added that the present indebtedness of the old Philharmonic to Mr. Torrington approaches one thousand dollars, all of which goes to prove that there must have been for several seasons gross mismanagement in the business affairs of the society. A salary of seven hundred dollars per annum, looking at the matter deliberately from a standpoint of dollars and cents, is not an exorbitant sum to pay a conductor for a season's work with an oratorio society, yet when one takes into account the size of the city twelve years ago and the limited seating capacity of the old Pavilion, with the fact that two societies were successfully engaged in the same class of work at the same time, one cannot but admire the business tact and enthusiasm which must have been displayed by those who were charged with the management of the societies then existing. That it is possible for oratorio societies to be successfully conducted has been demonstrated in past seasons when circumstances were less favorable than at the present day. By the adoption of similar wide-awake methods as were followed by the committees in charge of the business conduct of our old-time societies, victory would again perch upon the banners of oratorio in Toronto and the discouraging results of the past few seasons would soon be forgotten in the successes which might certainly be won in the future. There are now, I believe, several movements on foot having in view the strengthening of the local strongholds of oratorio. It is sincerely to be hoped that the efforts of those interested may be crowned with the greatest success, and that old-time enthusiasm may be awakened, old-time triumphs repeated, and the cause of one of the most exalted forms of the art established on a firm and lasting basis among us.

The military band concert which was given in the Armories on Monday evening last by the combined bands of the Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers and 48th Highlanders, proved to be one of the finest entertainments of the kind ever held in the city. There was a very large attendance and the playing of the bands, whether in the combined selections or in their separate numbers, was greeted with most enthusiastic applause. A feature of the concert was the excellent singing of the assisting soprano, Miss Frances Wood. This talented young lady, who is the possessor of a voice of exceptionally fine quality, sang with rare expression and telling effect several well chosen songs. The success of the concert should encourage its promoters to arrange a series of similar events in the near future. In European cities the massing of a number of military bands in concert work is of frequent occurrence and is always an occasion of great enthusiasm on the part of the crowds attending. With three such well equipped regimental bands as we possess in Toronto, there should be great possibilities in this direction were the idea systematically developed.

A violin recital was given at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week by pupils of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson of the Conservatory staff. The following pupils participated in a programme of much excellence: Misses Fulton, Falconbridge, Stonier, Waste and Livingstone, and Mr. Frank Blackford. Several ensemble numbers were given with fine effect, and the work of the pupils throughout, whether in solo or concerted music, was such as reflected highest credit upon their able instructress. Vocal numbers were contributed during the evening by pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy, including Miss Alice E. Hobson, Miss C. Louise Tandy and Mr. G. S. Forsyth, all of whom gave evidences of superior natural talent, supported by systematic and artistic culture. Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M., and Miss Sarah Dallas, F.T.C.M., took part in the programme, the former playing a most effective accompaniment to De Beriot's Sixth Violin Concerto, and the latter playing with much skill the organ part in an admirable arrangement for strings and organ of the Bach-Gounod Meditation.

A beautiful choral service was rendered at Holy Trinity church last Tuesday evening. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. Sydney Goodman, in the course of which he spoke of the many good works accomplished during the past by this church, not only in its own parish but throughout the whole diocese, and en-

joined the congregation to make next year, which would be the jubilee year, a still further cause for thankfulness. The special music was of a most impressive character, and was effectively and reverently sung by the fine choir of the church, who gave evidence throughout of careful training. The responses were intoned by the rector, Rev. Dr. Pearson. Mr. Paul Hahn played a violoncello solo admirably. A tenor solo during the offertory was entrusted to Mr. E. W. Watkins. Mr. A. R. Blackburn is deserving of great credit for the proficient work done by his choir and the masterly manner in which he officiated at the organ.

The date of the Elijah jubilee performance has been definitely fixed for November 24. The management of Massey Hall, who have taken charge of the business details of the production, are leaving no stone unturned to make the event a most memorable one in the annals of oratorio performances in Ontario. A chorus of three hundred voices, supported by the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra and assisted by a quartette of eminent soloists, will constitute Mr. Torrington's forces for the occasion. The following soloists have been engaged: Madame Emma Juch, soprano; Mrs. Van der Veer Green, contralto; Mr. Evans Williams, tenor, and Mr. Arthur Beresford, baritone. Announcements as to prices of seats and opening of subscribers' list will be made in next week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Miss Jessie Benson, daughter of Rev. Dr. Benson of Montreal, was one of the successful candidates at the recent competition for vocal scholarships at the Conservatory of Music, and has won one of the scholarships awarded by Mrs. J. W. Bradley. Miss Benson, who has decided musical talent, is the possessor of a soprano voice of excellent quality and wide range. Under Mrs. Bradley's guidance she should develop into a vocalist of much more than ordinary ability and attainments.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, president of the Toronto Philharmonic, has addressed a circular to representatives of our leading musical societies, inviting them to attend a meeting which is to be held in the library of the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening next for the purpose of considering the question of a grand musical festival which it is proposed to hold in this city next year in commemoration of the long and glorious reign of Her Majesty the Queen.

Mr. F. H. Mercier, the well known tenor, having decided to remain in Toronto during the season, is prepared to accept a limited number of pupils in vocal culture. He may be consulted at his residence, 239 Spadina avenue.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, the well known tenor and vocal instructor, is arranging for a series of vocal recitals to be given by his pupils during the present season at his residence, 63 Huntley street.

Several letters relative to the degree question, which have been received during the past week, are unavoidably held over.

Mrs. D. L. Gordon will leave Toronto on November 10 for Boston in order to continue her vocal studies at the New England Conservatory of Music.

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## Social and Personal.

The annual meeting of the Girls' Home was held last Friday afternoon and was a most satisfactory one. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was, as usual, in the chair, the Mayor occupying a seat upon the dais. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, lady patroness, was also present. After the statements of the different officers and the election of the board of management, the visitors were entertained at a dainty tea. The table was prettily decorated with pink roses, kindly sent by Mrs. Riddle, one of the members of the board. Each of the gentlemen present was presented with a white chrysanthemum in compliment to the naming of this fall meeting White Chrysanthemum Day. Among those present were: His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Commander Law, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. Stayner, Miss Snively, Mrs. Duggan (the first member of the first board), Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. Gurney, Mr. R. S. Baird, Mr. Massey, His Worship the Mayor, and a great number of others. The finances of the Home are in a satisfactory condition and the consideration of the public to the collectors, who will shortly be on their rounds, is solicited to keep them so.

Several light-footed young people are busy practicing for St. Andrew's ball, the reels and strathspeys of Auld Scotia.

An engagement is whispered of between a lady very high up in social circles and a young bachelor who has long proclaimed his lack of susceptibility.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick occupied a box at the Tuesday evening performance of Ben-Hur. With them were Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Jack Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald.

Mr. James Maitland, the well known pianist, returned home from the East on Tuesday last.

Next week will see the usual smart contingent away to New York for the Horse Show. This ultrafashionable event is as much a beauty show and a millinery display, and more so, than it is an equine exhibition.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark's reception will be society's rendezvous this afternoon.

The Hunt Club met at Benvenuto on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. James' beautiful lawns and home were the rendezvous, and the host and hostess are the creditors of the Hunt Club for a pleasant meet.

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Managing Director.

Toronto, 21st October, 1896.

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## Social and Personal.

Miss Nellie Harding of Port Dover is the guest of Mrs. George J. Mason of Parkdale.

Rev. A. Alton-Wright and Mrs. Wright (nee Mason) are now comfortably settled at The Parsonage, Stayner, and Miss Battersby of Port Dover is their guest.

Mrs. Fred Rose and little daughter are visiting friends in Galt.

Mrs. S. J. Stratford has returned from England and has taken No. 12 Orde street for the winter, where she will receive on the first, second and third Wednesdays.

Miss Roper of Sherbourne street, who has been visiting Mrs. Tackaberry for the last two months, leaves on Monday for New York.

A very pretty wedding took place on the evening of October 21, at the residence of Mr. Robert Pink, 92 Dunn avenue, when his second daughter, Gertrude, was married to Dr. Edwin A. Peaker. The bride, who was attired in a beautiful gown of white cashmere with brocaded silk and lace trimmings, was attended by her sisters, Beatrice and Temenia, who were daintily gowned in cream and yellow. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Dr. Kenneth Peaker. After a sumptuous repast Dr. and Mrs. Peaker departed with the hearty wishes for their future happiness from the many friends and relatives present.

The Y. W. C. Association School of Cookery is in active operation at 18 Elm street and furnishes a very fascinating list of weekly demonstrations. On November 4 fish will be the subject.

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

HIGGINS—Oct. 23, Mrs. Higgins—a son.  
PATTON—Oct. 24, Mrs. J. Churchill Patton—a daughter.  
CRAN—Paris, Oct. 25, Mrs. James Cran—a son.  
DAWSON—Oct. 11, Mrs. Geo. Dawson—a daughter.  
ADAMSON—Oct. 11, Mrs. J. M. Adamson—a daughter.  
WILLIAMS—Oct. 18, Mrs. Esten Williams—a daughter.  
WARREN—Oct. 25, Mrs. H. D. Warren—a son.  
HODGETTS—Oct. 21, Mrs. Charles A. Hodgetts—a daughter.  
SENKLER—Oct. 25, Mrs. J. Harold Senkler—a son.

## Marriages.

FREEMAN-LEVESQUE—On October 20, at the residence of the bride's father, Rock Springs, Wyoming, U. S. W. C. C. Freeman, M.D., son of Wm. Freeman, M.D., Georgetown, Ont., to Marie Rosanna, daughter of Mr. F. Levesque.  
SUCKLING-WELLS—Oct. 27, I. Edward Suckling to Cassie N. Wells.  
NICHOLS-LOWTHER—Oct. 27, Rev. Lewis Nichols to Fannie Lowther.  
EATON-McCONNELL—Oct. 28, John Eaton to Florence McConnell.  
WILLIAMS-BOWEN—Oct. 29, Arthur R. Williams to Constance Bowen.  
ROBERTS-MONTGOMERY-CAMPBELL—Oct. 14, Aldham W. Roberts to Rachel M. Montgomery-Campbell.

## Deaths.

IRWIN—Oct. 25, George Irwin, aged 71.  
MILLINGTON—Oct. 25, Mary A. Millington.  
SHANNESY—Oct. 24, Jennie Shannesy, aged 23.  
WELLS—Oct. 22, Ida Jennie Wells.  
INGHAM—Oct. 22, Joshua Ingham, sr.  
FINDLAY—Oct. 25, Rev. John Findlay.  
MORTON—Oct. 25, Agnes P. Morton, aged 52.  
CHEYNE—Oct. 25, George W. Cheyne.  
ELLIS—Oct. 25, Sophia Hosking Ellis.  
ROWELL—Oct. 24, Joseph Rowell, aged 85.  
BUCHANAN—Oct. 25, Findlay Buchanan, aged 27.  
HAMBLY—Oct. 21, William S. Hambly.  
WHITE—Oct. 27, William A. White, aged 72.

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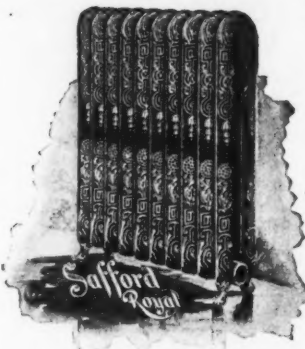
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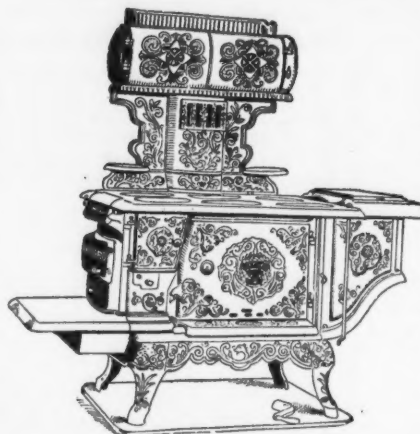
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